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No. 36895

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1957.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

LOST LEEWAY

THE mounting pressure and clamour in the United States for positive action to be taken to combat the Soviet Union's rapid advance in science—once thought to be a prerogative of the Western Powers—has forced President Eisenhower's hand. It is probably fortunate that the clamour rose to such an intensity, for many congressmen bitterly opposed to sharing scientific secrets with allied nations, have also added their voices to the chorus; the President's plan will therefore have a greater chance of success.

The plan will no doubt assume the proportions of a "crash" programme similar to that undertaken during the war when production of the atomic bomb received top priority.

Britain contributed a great deal towards the atomic bomb and now if Mr. Eisenhower manages to get his way the combined efforts and know-how of the allies should be able to make up the leeway lost since the introduction of the McMahon Act which banned the United States from sharing its scientific knowledge with others.

TRAGIC

THE President, in his speech, forcefully deplored "the tragic failure to secure the great benefits that would flow from mutual sharing of appropriate scientific information and effort among the friendly countries." It might therefore be assumed at this moment that the final outcome will prove favourable and there should be little opposition in the Senate and the House of Representatives.

The appointment of a scientific adviser to the President will have many advantages as he will be able to co-ordinate the efforts of all departments and doubtless cut much of the red-tape and reduce expenditure presently wasted through lack of co-operation and jealousies.

United States reaction to the plan will be eagerly awaited by the other members of the alliance and it will show if the President and his administration has the ability to reassert leadership brought about by the Soviet missile and satellite successes.

BRITAIN EXPLODES H-BOMB

FIRST TEST IN NEW SERIES

London, Nov. 8.

Britain today exploded a nuclear device at a high altitude in the central Pacific, the Ministry of Supply announced. The announcement said that, according to first indications, radioactive "fall-out" was "negligible."

Hongkong Businessmen Leaving For China

A group of businessmen representing British companies will leave the Colony tomorrow for China.

The group will represent the interests of the General Electric Co. Ltd. of England, Ruston and Hornsby Ltd., Ransomes and Rapier Ltd. and Cochran Boilers (Aman) Ltd.

The party, led by Mr. A. J. C. Threlkirk, General Manager and Director of the British General Electric Co., will include Mr. C. J. Moray-Sutor (GEC), Mr. J. Albertini (Export Manager, Ruston and Hornsby Ltd.) and Mr. A. S. Stokes (Technical Director, Ransomes and Rapier Ltd.).

They will leave for Canton on Sunday where they will spend a few days before proceeding to Peking for talks with the China Machinery Import Corporation and other Nationalised Trading Organisations.

Before returning to Hongkong in about a month's time it is anticipated that the group will also visit Tientsin, Shanghai and Kunming.

Hurricane Toll 14

Alexandria, La., Nov. 8. Fourteen persons were reported today to have been killed and some 200 others injured in a hurricane, which ripped across Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi last night. The hurricane, accompanied by heavy rains, did damage estimated at several millions dollars and levelled an entire district of Alexandria.—France-Press.

SPACE DOG BELIEVED DEAD

Moscow, Nov. 8.

Lanka, the space dog, may be dead.

Tonight's Soviet communiqué on the second earth satellite was the first to make no mention of its dog passenger.

Last night the communiqué issued by Tass said measurements of the dog's reactions were continuing, but said nothing about its condition—whereas the announcement of the previous night had described Lanka's condition as "satisfactory."

News here about the dog is nil, and there is no mention now of the possibility of catapulting it, either alive or dead, to earth. At the beginning of the satellite's flight, scientists spoke of the possibility of bringing the dog back alive.

Cosmic Rays

The communiqué tonight said "measurements are continuing." But cosmic rays and radiation effects can obviously go on being observed even if the dog is dead.

Attempts to contact Soviet scientists in Moscow today failed. Their telephone numbers and whereabouts are now guarded like State secrets.

Today's communiqué said: "Observations on the movements of the earth satellites continue to be made by both radio and optical means. Ground telescopic stations continue to register measurements made on board the second Sputnik."

The communiqué went on to recall the distances covered by the two Sputniks and the third stage carrier rocket as broadcast by Moscow Radio in an earlier news item.

No Reference

A study of Soviet official statements about Lanka suggests that the dog is nearing the end of its duration—or may even be dead.

It is believed in Moscow that if the dog were alive the official Tass statement would make some reference to this fact.—Reuter.

Escape Attempt Failed

Warsaw, Nov. 8.

Jan Peltek, a Pole, failed in an attempt to take over a fishing boat at gun point and escape to Sweden, the Polish PAP news agency said tonight. The agency said that Peltek, a resident of Koszulin, stowed away on a fishing boat under cover of darkness. When the boat arrived at the high seas, he came out of hiding, held the crew at gunpoint and ordered the pilot to sail toward Stockholm.

However, the crew members jumped on Peltek, overpowered him and turned him over to the police, the agency said.—France-Press.

Democrats Hit At Eisenhower Plan GOP SUPPORT

Washington, Nov. 8.

Democrats today hit President Eisenhower's plans to whip the US missile programme into a commanding position as too late. But Republicans said he is doing everything that should be done to meet Russia's space challenge.

There was virtually complete agreement, however, that the President had picked the right man to take over command of the nation's scientific effort in Dr. James R. Killian, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has served previously on Presidential defence advisory boards.

Former president Harry S. Truman said Dr. Killian was "an excellent choice" for the job. But Truman said the abrupt scientific mobilisation would not be necessary for "with proper leadership we would be well ahead of Russia today."

Senate Democratic leader Lyndon B. Johnson said, "The basic issue is whether we can produce the weapons that are needed in the time that is remaining." The Texan, who has ordered a full-scale investigation of the missile programme, said he was happy that President Eisenhower had noted a necessity for "a high sense of urgency."

But he said he had hoped the President would stress what we need to do as well as what we have done.—United Press.

RAGGING BAN IN SINGAPORE

Singapore, Nov. 8.

The student body of the University of Malaya tonight voted by 426 to nil to ban the ragging of freshmen.

The meeting followed an official enquiry into an allegation by freshmen that they had been forced to take part in an obscene ceremony.

The President of the Student Council, Mr. Fred Samuel, said that there was no doubt that obscene and perverse acts had taken place.—Reuter.

Cobalt Sticks Recovered

Leyden, Nov. 8.

A lead container with 98 sticks of radioactive cobalt, which had been stolen from a physics laboratory here, was found by police in a strap dealer's warehouse here today.

The contents were described as "really dangerous to life and health."

A laboratory expert said he believed all the cobalt sticks were still in the container. Police are still looking for the thief.—China Mail Special.

Greece-Turkish War Threat By EOKA

Nicosia, Nov. 8.

Copies of a leaflet by the EOKA organisation were scattered through the streets of Nicosia today, warning of a possible Greece-Turkish war over Cyprus, and stating that Britain would bear full responsibility for such a war.

The leaflet declared that the organisation was fighting for freedom and that it was its duty to eliminate and kill not only soldiers but also "all those who in any way co-operate with the occupying forces and give them help."

The leaflet concluded: "No one can blame us if Nato unity in the Eastern Mediterranean is disrupted or even if a Turco-Greek war begins. The entire responsibility rests with Britain's Tory Government."—France-Press.

Economic Situation Discussed

London, Nov. 8.

Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Chancellor of the Exchequer, today discussed Britain's economic situation at an informal meeting of the National Production Advisory Council.

He told the Council—which represents employers, trade unions and the nationalised industries—that the Government's anti-inflation policies had had some success but the position was still precarious.

Emphasis

Informed sources said later that the Chancellor emphasised that the Government did not intend to throw wages arbitration overboard.

But he said it would not be realistic for any wages arbitrator to disregard the effects of an award on the national fortune.

He also referred to the effect new wage claims could have on sterling abroad.—Reuter.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier"

RACE 1
Flying Dutchman, Orange King, Firestone.
Outsider: Squadron Leader.

RACE 2
Angel's Pearl, Eureka, Butterfly.
Outsider: Manxmaid.

RACE 3
Jerzebel, High Noon, Free Success.
Outsider: Million Dollar.

RACE 4
Red Light, Charcoal, Winsome Stag.
Outsider: Serbu.

RACE 5
Dutch Rocket, Amnole, Another Victory.
Outsider: Lynx.

RACE 6
Pot O'Gold, Hiram, Sunstroke.
Outsider: Empire Rose.

RACE 7
Desert Hero, Gay Minstrel, Million Bonus.
Outsider: Cisco Kid.

RACE 8
After Dark, Helleon, Balkan Monarch.
Outsider: Corvon Rouge.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1
Flying Dutchman, Orange King, Heroline.
Outsider: Fel Chit.

RACE 2
Butterfly, Manxmaid, Angel's Pearl.
Outsider: Fomor.

RACE 3
Jerzebel, Million Dollar, Free Success.
Outsider: Esquire.

RACE 4
Red Light, Charcoal, Winsome Stag.
Outsider: Serbu.

RACE 5
Lynx, Dutch Rocket, Another Victory.
Outsider: Amnole.

RACE 6
Pot O'Gold, Hiram, Kentucky Lad.
Outsider: Empire Rose.

RACE 7
Blue Train, Desert Hero, Straight Runner.
Outsider: Gay Minstrel.

RACE 8
After Dark, Helleon, Balkan Monarch.
Outsider: Corvon Rouge.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

For Race 7
Rain a bet for this one.
Our last race meeting teaser tip "Beyond The Pale" (Outsider) came in 2nd and paid \$5.00

CHINESE KILLED IN STREET BATTLE

Singapore, Nov. 8.

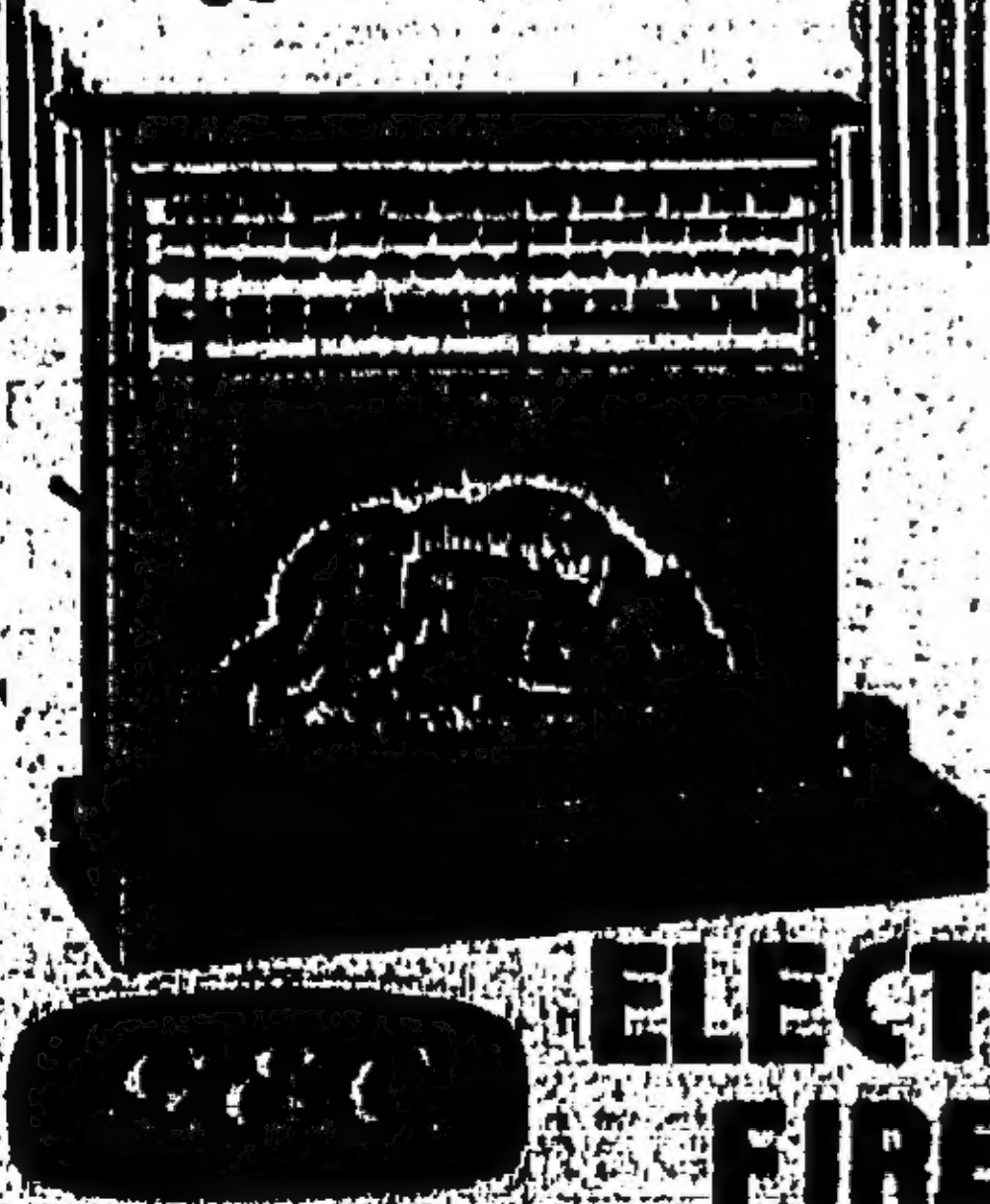
A 17-YEAR-OLD Chinese youth was stabbed to death in a secret society street battle in broad daylight on the eastern suburb of the island.

Nathaniel Too was trailed by a small gang of hoodlums when he left a coffee shop. When he turned into a lane, they attacked him. One gangster plunged a dagger into his back and the blade came out through the chest.

A few hours later two secret society gangs clashed on the road a short distance away from the District Police Station and another Chinese was found stabbed and lying in a pool of blood.

One hundred uniformed and plainclothed men from the Criminal Investigation Department combed the area with tracer dogs. Six men have been detained.—United Press.

NEW SEASON'S MODELS



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TOKYO
INDIA**



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IRISH COFFEE

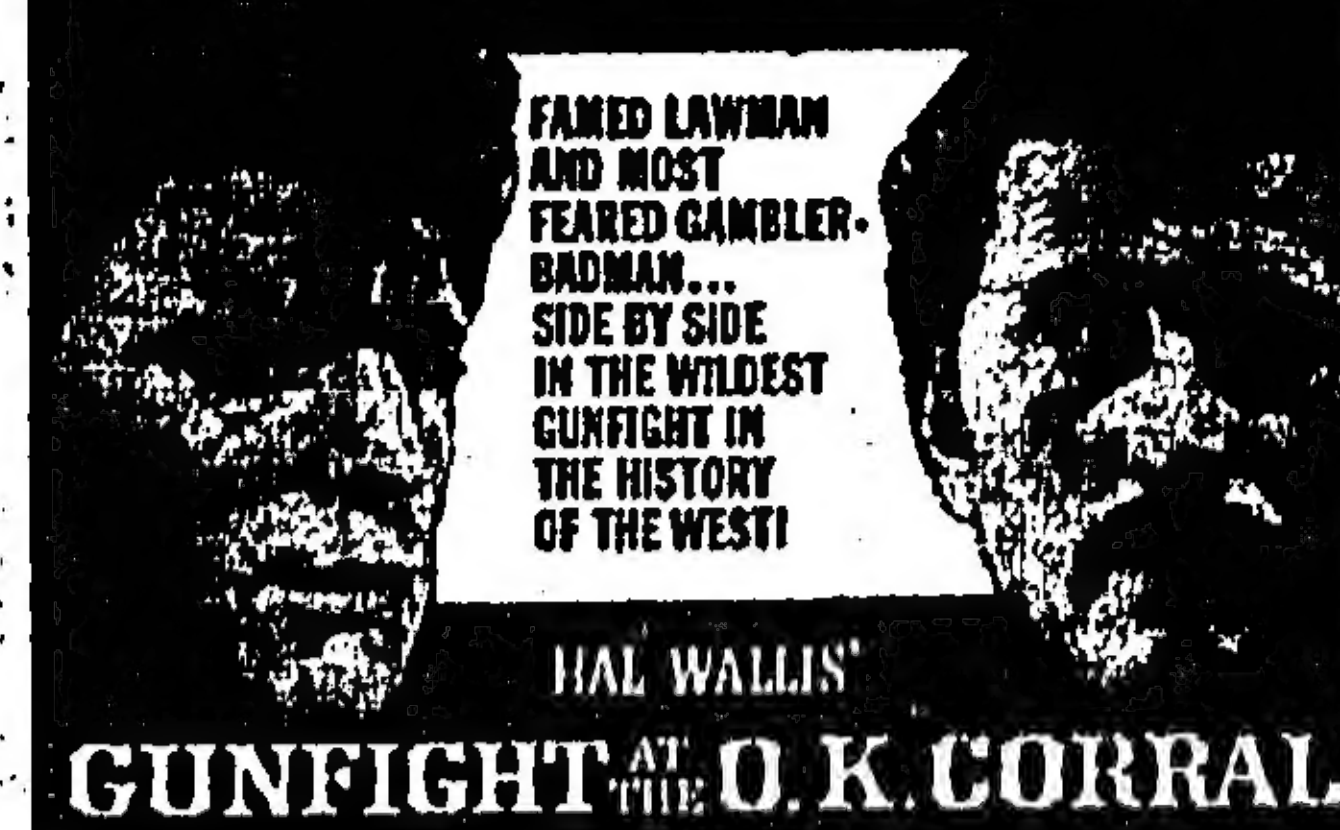


Made with the finest Old POT STILL IRISH WHISKEY
JOHN JAMESON

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
(Please note change of times)

BURT LANCASTER KIRK DOUGLAS



GEORGE FLEMING - JO VAN FLEET - JOHN IRELAND - Directed by JOHN STURGES
Sponsored by LEON URS - Show Combined and Combined by David Dore - A Paramount Picture
TECHNICOLOR

(Complimentary tickets not valid)
EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
AT 11.00 A.M.

A Variety Programme of Walt Disney-RKO
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50



To-morrow at 12 noon
Special Matinee

M-G-M present
Spencer Tracy • Ingrid Bergman • Lana Turner
in "DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE"
Textbook story for 1958 H.K. School-leaving Certificate
Exam. Paper 4 English Language.

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50



To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.
Special Matinee

M-G-M present
Leslie Caron • Mel Ferrer • Jean Pierre Aumont
in "LILI"
in Technicolor

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

MONDAY at 12.30 p.m.: "WATERLOO BRIDGE"

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. || METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
AN ASSORTED PROGRAMME OF M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices
STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents
in Cinemascope & Colour
"THE GIL IN THE RED
VELVET SWING"
Starring: Ray Milland
Joan Collins
A Universal Picture
"THE KILLERS"
A Universal Picture

At Reduced Prices
METROPOLE: Monday, 11th Nov., Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents in CINEMASCOPE & COLOR
"THE RAINS OF RANCHIPUR"
starring: Richard Hutton • Lana Turner
At Reduced Prices

CAPITOL RITZ

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
CAPITOL RITZ
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



KAY THOMPSON
TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW
At 12.30 p.m.
Robert Mitchum in
"BANDIDO"
Color by De Luxe

RITZ
TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW
At 12.15 p.m.
Clark Gable in
"THE TALL MEN"
Color by De Luxe

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Oh Woe, They've Hung The CO!



They chanted: "All guardsmen are rotters!"

— HE STOPPED THE
GUARDS FROM
REBUILDING BONFIRE

FIFTY boys danced and shouted round an effigy in uniform dangling from a lamp-post in Bachelor's Acre, Windsor.

"Oh, woe," lamented a Guards subaltern with sword and bearskin. "They've hung the colonel."

It was, in fact, an effigy, with wiry moustache, of Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Bowes-Lyon, C.O., of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, and a relative of the Queen.

The boys believed he had not honoured a promise made by his regimental sergeant-major to restore a Guy Fawkes bonfire which, the boys say, was set alight by some Grenadiers on Saturday night.

As R.S.M. Felton, with fatigue parties at Windsor Barracks loaded broken chairs, tables, and boxes into a lorry, the order came: "Don't restore the bonfire."

Why not? A lance-sergeant on the main gate said: "The Colonel reckons the regiment is being made to look silly by these boys."

"There is no proof that the Grenadiers set fire to it—the Life Guards are just down the road. They're the sort of people who burn boys' bonfires."

In London a War Office spokesman said: "As the result of a conference between an officer of the Grenadier Guards and the Windsor police, it was decided not to proceed with the rebuilding of the bonfire. The police requested that the matter be left where it is."

Back at Windsor the boys heard the news from a different source. A boy whose father is a Guardsman, rushed out of barracks shouting: "Old Bows and Arrows has said we're not going to get our wood."

The boys chanted: "All Guardsmen are rotters." Somebody threw a Little Demon at the guardroom. The guard commander called the police.

A car arrived with officers led by Inspector Freddie Worrell. "The next boy who shouts will have his name taken," he said.

Then the boys made the effigy. Then took it to the bonfire—now almost restored by gifts from local shops—and burned it there on November 5.

GERMANS DECLARE WAR
ON BACHELORS

"MORE CHILDREN NEEDED"

ONE hundred thousand Germans in the "League of Families Rich in Children" have declared war on bachelors and one-child households.

Their leader, 58-year-old Countess Eva Finckenstein, mother of seven, is also attacking the Adenauer Government for what she calls "its stingy attitude towards the nation's most important producers."

She said: "Please don't get the idea that I am pleading for more little Germans as cannon fodder. But I find the fall in the birth rate simply alarming."

"Fifteen babies are being born each year for every 1,000 of the population. That's less than half the figure at the turn of the century."

"Bottom place"
"We share the bottom place in the table with Britain and Sweden."
At present child allowances begin at 2.30 a year for the third child.

Bonn.
The league wants an allowance for the first child—but says it will compromise on one for the second child.

It also demands a tax on bachelors.

"Trouble is, too many of those who have to do with levying taxes are bachelors," said the countess.

The league watches out for mothers' rights. It recently made a town council ban on prams being carried by tams.

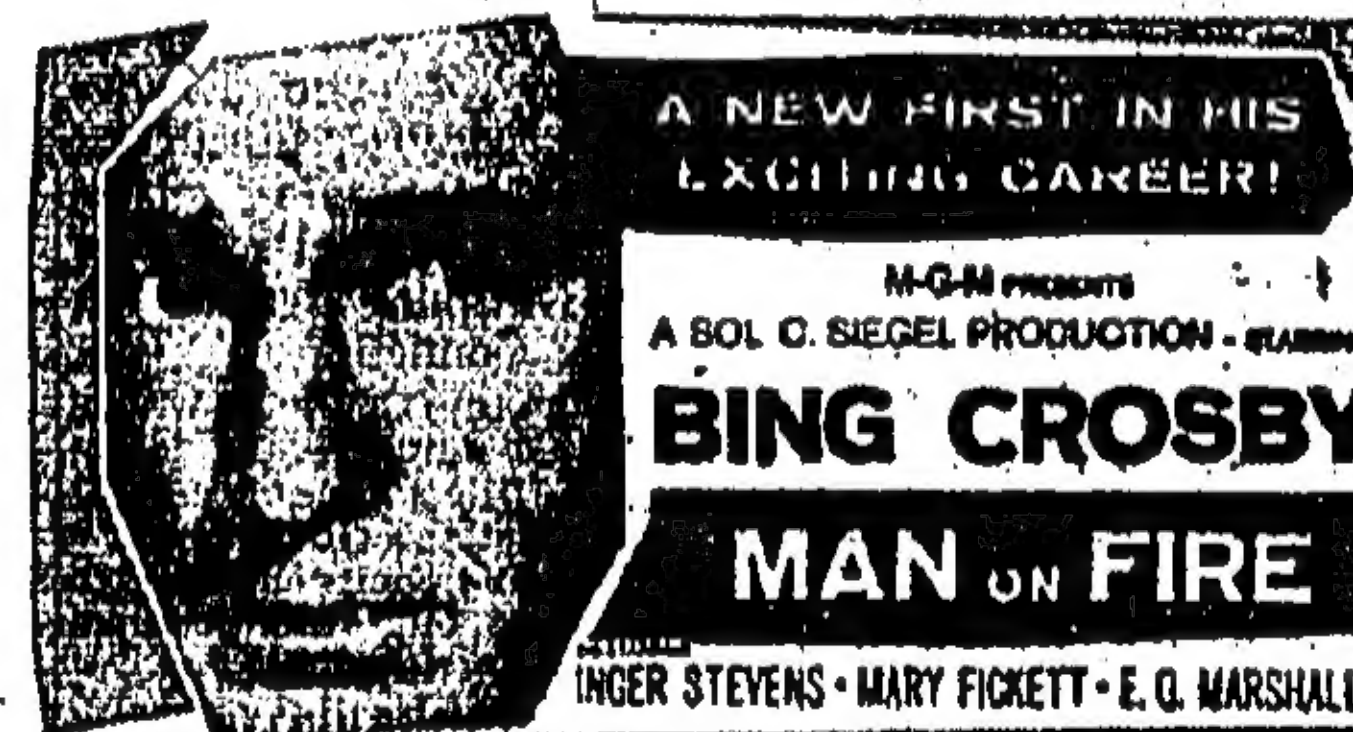
Said the countess: "It all adds up to this. I want to see repeated in Germany the baby boom that is sweeping America."

"It's about time Germans stopped concentrating on this pursuit of prosperity and see where their real wealth lies."

HOODVER: LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72871 KOWLOON TEL 80448, 80248

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



The casting is so perfect and the acting so realistic that one is carried away in the belief that he is witnessing a real-life occurrence."

Harrison's Reports
SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION
HOODVER at 12.00 noon
LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.
Cornel Wilde
Anita Louise in
"BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST"
Bud Abbott
Lou Costello in
"LOST IN A HAREM"

'Cry Room'
In Town
Of Tomorrow

CANADA'S "Town of Tomorrow" now has a municipal centre containing a separate crying room for babies.

Kitimat, 400 miles north of Vancouver, has grown in six years from a 500-strong Indian settlement to a town of more than 15,000 inhabitants.

Reason for the rapid growth is that Kitimat is surrounded with natural resources for the production of hydro-electric power. It is a new centre for the production of aluminium.

Unlike other mushroom-growth towns, Kitimat is being developed to a master plan.

Bachelor centre

For the many workers who live in the new town there is a "bachelor centre" which cost nearly £1,000,000. There are five schools and four churches.

Although Kitimat has only about 20 miles of road—it is surrounded by virgin country—there are 4,000 cars in the town.

Link with the "outside" world is by train and airplane. In little more time than it takes to go by train from London to Birmingham, Kitimatians can fly on a regular 40-passenger airplane service to Vancouver.

By 1959 Kitimat may be the world's largest aluminium producing centre.

Dayport
Sheriff Pete Wildman didn't have to go very far to serve warrants on two men charged with assault with intent to commit robbery.

The men, prisoners at the Scott County jail, are charged with robbing another inmate—United Press.

Telegraphic
Tabloids

Dayton.
The United States Attorney's office didn't have much success to report in its efforts to collect money from government debtors last fiscal year.

The office reported that no cash was collected, but that a bus token was given to a needy debtor who hadn't enough money to get home—United Press.

★
Statesville, NC.
Golfer Nathan T. Neely got a birdie on the fourth hole but it didn't help his score.

Neely's drive dropped a red-headed woodpecker on the fairway—United Press.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

FINAL TO-DAY



★ OPENING TO-MORROW ★

QUEEN'S: 5 SHOWS
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

"SYMPHONIE IN GOLD"
IN AGFACOLOR

Featuring the famous "Vionnesso Ice Revue" Dancers

—ALHAMBRA—

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 11.00 A.M.

20th Century-Fox presents
SPENCER TRACY • RICHARD WIDMARK in

"BROKEN LANCE"

(Technicolor)

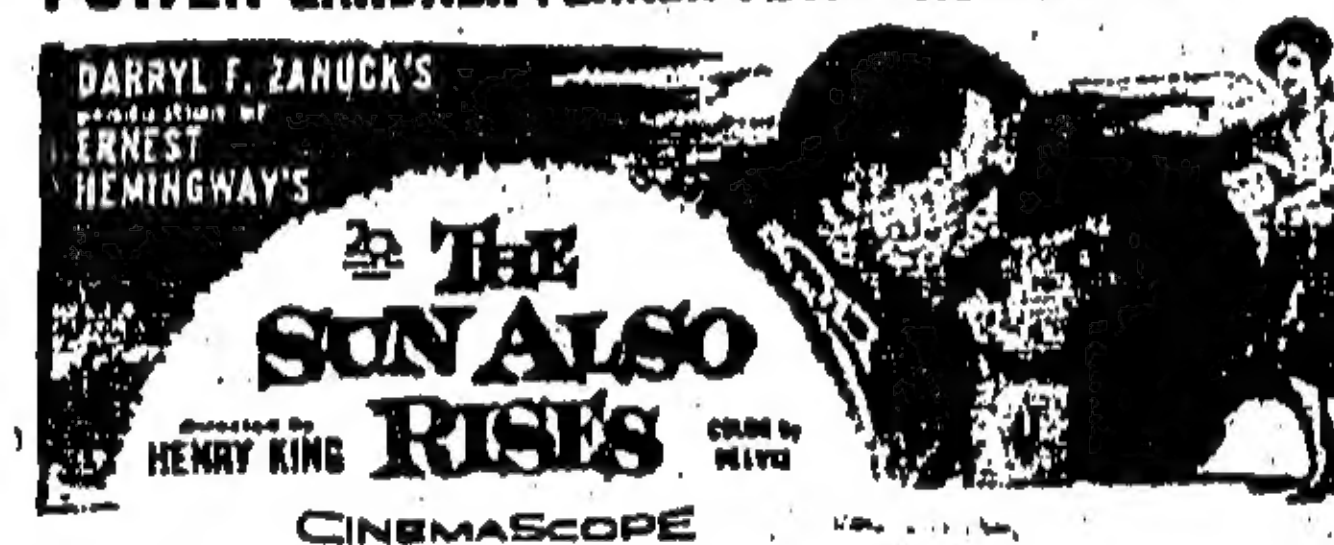
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ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd SENSATIONAL WEEK!
NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY!

Please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.
The Hemingway Love Story That Shocked The World!
The Cast That Took Two Years To Assemble!

TYRONE POWER AVA MEL ERROL EDDIE JULIETTE
POWER GARDNER FERRER FLYNN ALBERT GRECO



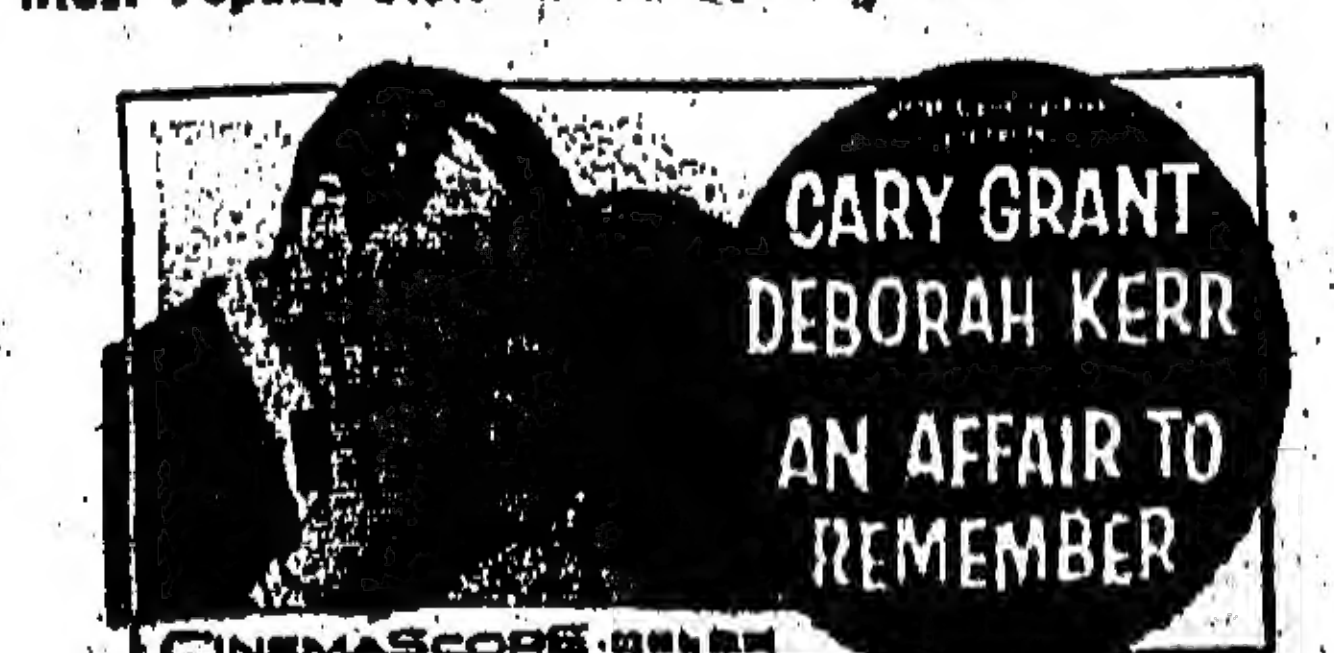
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR || UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR
Cartoons Programme Cartoons

At Reduced Prices
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. Judy Garland in "WIZARD OF OZ"
An M.G.M. Picture in COLOR—At Reduced Prices

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

Please note change of times due to length of films.
SHOWING TO-DAY SIMULTANEOUSLY
AT 2.30—5.20—7.30—9.40 P.M.

A Modern Romantic Comedy with Two of Hollywood's
Most Popular Stars in the Leading Role!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
"FLAME & THE ARROW" || "LITTLE WOMEN"

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REPULSE BAY

Commencing

TO-NIGHT

BILLY BANKS

With Famous Music

NICK DEMUTH

TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 11.00 P.M. & 1.00 A.M.
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

THE MURDER JOKE HE COULDN'T SEE

London. The invitation Otto Stern received to present himself as a "murder suspect" at the Savoy Hotel last week was a joke. A joke he could not see. That is why the 82-year-old Viennese refugee died in the bathroom of his Maylebone flat—the victim, said his son, of his own fear.

On a table in the lounge of his home in Dudley Court, Upper Berkeley Street, the invitation lay just as Mr Stern left it.

It looked like a police summons. But it was simply an invitation to Mr Stern to attend a two-guinea "Crime Lunch" at the Savoy in aid of a cripples' charity. The day it arrived old Mr Stern, who spoke little English, had reached for his well-thumbed English-Austrian dictionary. Slowly he began translating... "You are a suspect in a murder case... attend at your peril." He was frightened. "They want me for murder,"

Committed Suicide

he kept telling his son, Felix, a tin manufacturer. "Don't be silly, father," said Felix Stern. "It's only a joke. Come on, let's go to the police and I'll prove it." Still, Otto Stern was convinced he was wanted for questioning in a murder case and that the "invitation" was just a trick to get him to the

Savoy. He was found hanging in the bathroom. Last week the St. Pancras coroner, Mr W. Bentley Purchase, adjourned the inquest, saying:

"The origin of this document is not clear. I want something found out about this thing." Mr Felix Stern said at his Church Mount, Finchley, home: "My father had a per-

secution mania and genuinely thought he was involved in a murder.

"He accepted the invitation—he was interested in charity."

"He had no personal worries, was financially prosperous, and was in excellent health. But you see, he just couldn't see the joke."

If Otto Stern had gone to last week's luncheon he would have seen the joke. Other "murder suspects" were there,

among them Sir John Nott-Hower, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, armchair detective Ernest Dudley, detective writer John Cressney, Mr J. C. Masterman, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University.

Each guest found a message in invisible ink at his place. The writing became visible by heat from the dishes. One of the guests found himself the "murderer." It might have been Otto Stern.

CHRISTIAN NAME: ONE BABY JUST CALLED FEMALE

London. The parents of a three-month-old baby girl who refuse to give her a Christian name—"Just call her Female," said the mother—do not believe in marriage, a court was told last week.

The mother is 25-year-old pin-up model Brenda Appleton (she changed her name by deed poll from Lynch). The father is bearded photographer John Phillip Appleton, aged 37. He appeared in court at Stoke-on-Trent on a summons concerning the maintenance of "Female," who is in a children's home because the parents say they have insufficient accommodation. Their counsel, Mr W. R. Handforth, explained to the magistrate why the baby girl has not been named.

John Appleton told the court he was unable to pay towards the baby's maintenance because of lost business. Part of his business, he explained, was hitting out studio space to amateur photographers. "I also used to hire out models, among them Brenda Appleton," for art studies and pin-up photographs," he said. He was ordered to pay 15s. 6d. a week towards "Female's" maintenance.

Phoney Suit Salesman

Brescia. An enterprising salesman capitalised on the Russian satellite but risked being lynched by a crowd of enraged peasants.

Police said the salesman, whom they declined to identify, made handsome business in the remote Valpurga Valley in Italy selling suits which he told the gullible peasants would safeguard them "from the radiation of the Russian satellite."

When somebody told the peasants the truth, police were called in—barely in time to save the salesman from a lynching.—United Press.

Mechanical Shoe-polisher Really Works

INVENTORS' SHOW HAS SOME WEIRD MACHINES

Turin. Hundreds of Italy's amateur inventors are down-hearted these days. Someone has finally invented a mechanical shoe-polisher that really works.

A model of this curious machine was exhibited at the recent "National Invention Show" in Turin's annual Technical Exhibition. It drew considerable interest among about 150 other, equally curious inventions, including an automatic fishing rod, a fountain pen for writing in the dark, a talking clock, a so-called "crooked car" and a "money machine."

The name of the inventor of the shoe-polisher is unknown.

as well as various details of its operation pending patent rights. It was simply called a "lastrascarpe" which is Italian for shoe-polisher. Electrically operated, three specially designed brushes do the job in a third of the time it takes to do it manually. After a side brush applies the polish a front and back brush, fitted on the shoe, jiggle rapidly to create a mirror-like shine.

MOST POPULAR

A mechanical shoe-polisher was one of the several most popular creative targets of Italy's amateur inventors, not far behind better mousetraps and perpetual-motion machines. While the "lastrascarpe" did not win the first prize of the show, it did however, draw the most interest from business representatives and the public.

Hotel owners of Milan placed orders for several machines after suggesting a few modifications. But representatives of Italy's Sidewalk Show-Shiners Association discarded the invention because of the rapid jiggling brushes. They said their clients with corns or those sensitively ticklish would not like it.

The first prize of 500,000 lire (\$134,838) for the most practical idea in the "National Inventions Show" went to Aldo Mattioli for designing a brake for movie camera trolley used in film productions. A simple and practical invention but of little interest to the public.

CROOKED CAR

However, a doctor's invention, dubbed the "crooked car" by a group of boys, drew a big crowd. It was an ordinary looking racing car except its four wheels not only went round but also slanted both ways. Dr Enrico Del Buono reasoned that an automobile could go faster around a curve if its wheels could slant like those of a motorbike. A lever released the upright position of the wheels when the auto takes the curve.

A Florentine sculptor and painter, Stefano Magni, invented an automatic fishing rod. He said that while painting or just admiring the view he often lost a lot of fish. So he designed an instrument using a trigger spring. The rod could be inserted and at the slightest touch on the line the spring was released raising the rod just like an alert fisherman.

The "money machine" was a highly technical invention for use in bank. It actually turned out cheques of any amount given just by pressing a button. The name of the person the cheque was for, the figure and written amount in a special form were all printed automatically.

The talking clock incorporated a tape recorder. Anything to be remembered at any time of the day could be registered and the clock set the tape going at the set times.—United Press.

MRS BIRD TRAPPED ALL NIGHT IN A BUSH

London. EIGHTY-THREE - Mrs Louisa Eva Bird was rescued last week after being trapped all night in a blackberry bush.

Every week for 21 years Mrs Bird, mother of 14 children, has taken flowers to the grave of her husband at Mortlake.

But on Saturday, as she left the cemetery, her memory faded, she wandered down a railway embankment into a thick blackberry bush. The thorns caught her clothes and she was trapped. That was about 4 pm. At 3.20 next morning Mrs Bird was still there.

AMAZED

At breakfast-time Mrs Eva Bird looked out of her back bedroom window at Burlington Avenue, Kensington. "I thought it was a dog, but when I walked down I was amazed to see an old, white-haired lady caught in a web of brambles." It was 20 minutes work for three policemen and another man using cutters to free Mrs Bird.

At Richmond hospital Mrs Bird was treated for shock and exposure, then went by ambulance to her home in Black Lion Lane, Hammersmith.

12-Year-Old Head Of The House

Walsfield. A court fined Mr and Mrs Audrey Lee £30 for leaving their 12-year-old daughter, Patricia, to look after herself and their three other children while the parents went on holiday.

Neighbours complained to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children when the youngsters came down with Asian flu and it was discovered they had been left alone.

The Lees were gone two weeks.—United Press.

SHE ONLY HAS FOUR MOTHERS-IN-LAW



Jimmy and Barbara Lim Cok Kah at home in London.—Express Photo.

TREMENDOUS FAMILY GATHERING HERE

London. A PRETTY 22-year-old housewife arrived back in London last week from Singapore with her Chinese husband after a trip to meet her four mothers-in-law.

"They were all wonderful to me," said Mrs Barbara Lim Cok Kah at her parents' home in Burgess Road, Dulwich.

Barbara, who was a secretary, married 23-year-old aeronautical engineer Mr Jimmy Lim Cok Kah in London last February—and found she had increased the number of her relatives by more than 50.

Apart from the four mothers-in-law there were 40 nephews and nieces and five brothers and sisters-in-law.

"Jimmy's parents are dead," she said, "but his father had five wives, four of whom are still living."

SISTER NO. 6

"We had a tremendous family gathering in Hongkong. They are very 'traditional' Chinese and beautiful people. I was not called Barbara but Sister No. 6 as I am the wife of the sixth brother."

"Even the mothers-in-law are called by numbers. The only one about having such a complicated family tree is the birthday card problem. I hardly dare think about it."

Barbara and her husband will stay with her parents until

they emigrate to Canada after her baby is born next February.

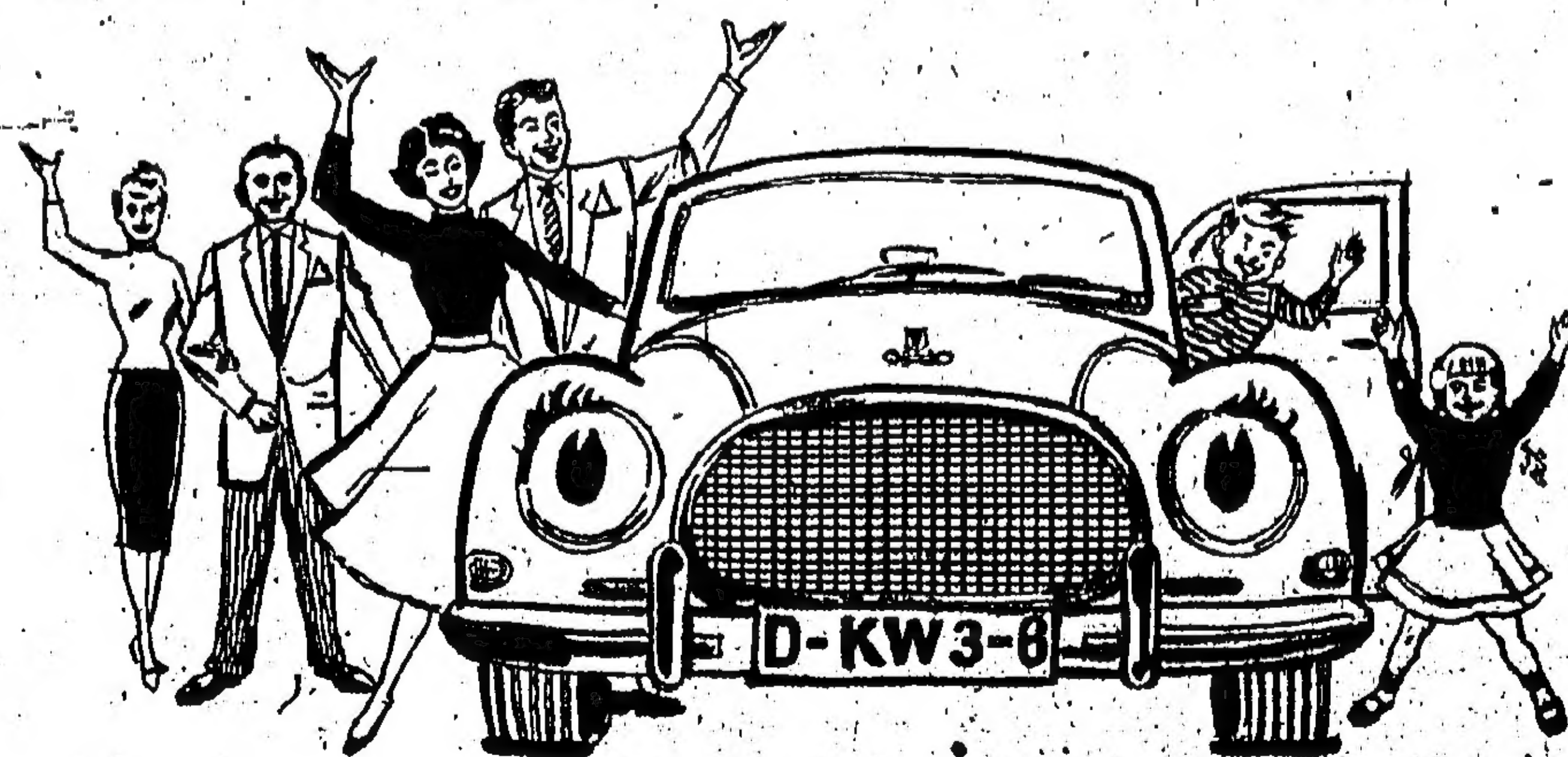
The parents are interested in the Chinese way of life. "I am an expert at preparing Chinese dishes," said Barbara's mother, Mrs Molly Watkins. "I am going to spend the next few months teaching her how to cook them."

A Bookful

Patterson NJ, Francisco Gerema, 10, of Passaic, NJ, will be arraigned on one of the longest—and most detailed—traffic complaints in the history of the police department.

Officer Robert King charged Gerema with speeding on the wrong side of the street; having no driver's licence; passing a red light; ignoring a stop signal; failing to obey an officer's signal; violating the inspection law; and obstructed vision.—United Press.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



A list of the 76 richest people in the USA (fortunes in excess of \$75 million) was published recently. At the top of the list was Paul Getty (64) seen at a London hotel where he said "If you can actually count your money, then you are not a rich man. I am thankful to say I can't."



TENZING the Sherpa who got to the top of Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary was met by Sir John Hunt when he arrived in London recently.

These turkeys don't seem to know their goose is cooked, as they gobble and gobble on an English farm, fattening themselves for Christmas.



Harlow New Town came in for a Royal Visit, and comment... people who move out from places like Bethnal Green get so depressed in suburbia, they go to hospital. Maybe the Queen's visit will cheer them up again.

LEFT: Prince William of Gloucester (16) comes in in the Eton College junior cross country.



British racing driver Stirling Moss and his wife Katie flew back to London recently disappointed — forbidden by doctors at Casablanca to compete in the Moroccan Grand Prix. The reason — Asian flu. "The doctors said my reactions would be slowed up," said Stirling.

The Grenadier Guards, who set alight to old wood local children at Windsor were collecting for Guy Fawkes Day, had to call for police protection from the children's counter demonstrations. Among their celebrations, they hanged the guards in effigy from Windsor lamp posts. Comment from Way Office... "There is no evidence to support allegations that Grenadier Guardsmen set the Windsor bonfire alight." Comment from Police... "Off you go, all of you." Comment from Guards Corporal... "Op it!"



Princess Alexandra (20) begins training as a part time children's nurse at Great Ormond Street Hospital for sick children.

The girl American-millionaire Huntingdon Hartford came to England to hunt for 20-year-old Jan Brooks will star in his version of Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre."

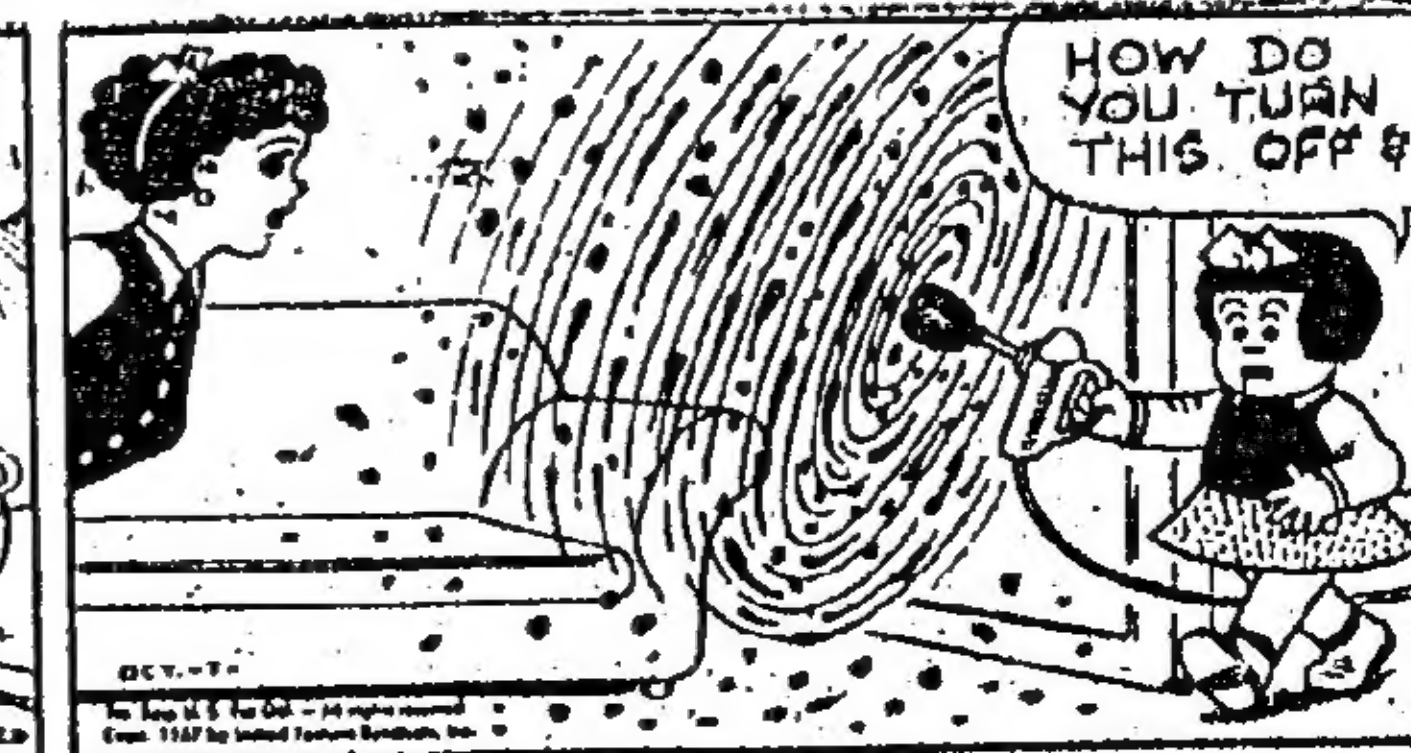
Margaret Lockwood (41) and her 16-year-old daughter Julia are set to play this Christmas in the London production of Barrie's "Peter Pan." Explains Margaret: "Julia used to watch me (8 years ago) and it was something between us then that when she got older we would play Peter and Wendy together."



EXPRESS PICTURES



NANCY



By Ernst Bushmiller

ROWNTREES



TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

News From Britain

By Peter Burgoyne

HER Majesty's Government last week got around to doing something about an intention expressed back in 1911. With forty-eight hours left of the parliamentary session they revealed how they thought the House of Lords should be reconstituted.

There was nothing revolutionary in their proposals. These were, basically, the introduction of life peers (that is, the creation of non-hereditary peerages) for women, as well as men; and the payment, already begun, of expenses to peers.

Nothing startling, but, at least, the government were doing something about an issue which successive administrations have shirked for forty-six years.

This long-term issue-dodging stems from two factors. The first, the reluctance of any administration to tamper, or appear to tamper, with the constitution. The second, the fact that the question of the House of Lords is a perennial argument-sparker, like euthanasia and the height of the Grand National jumps.

The House of Lords is a very British institution. It is the nearest thing to the United Kingdom has to the Upper Houses of other legislatures. It differs from these fundamentally in that it is entirely non-elected. Its members may take their seats by virtue of being peers. They are born peers, achieve peerages or have peerages thrust upon them.

The Noble Lords—as they address each other in debate—have their origins in stately homes, suburban villas and miners' "rows". But despite the democratisation of the content, the fact remains that the entity is non-elected. And over the years, this fact, possibly more than any other, has contributed to the gradual emasculation of the House of Lords as a truly legislative chamber. At best, it polishes up legislation in a restrained, elder-statesmanlike atmosphere. At worst, it can exercise limited delaying powers on contentious legislation which has come up from the House of Commons.

But most significant of all, it is the protesting cries of Commons men who succeed to a title and are compelled to move to the Upper House.

The inelegant phrase used to describe this process is a "kiss upstairs". In his day, loudly protesting victim was the present chairman of the Tory party, Lord Hailsham who had to succeed his noble father.

Ideally, say the champions of the House of Lords, the Upper House should be a collection of the nation's best brains able to operate free of the febrile demands of the hustings.

But the "best brains" often show a justified reluctance to saddle their descendants with a title which they may not afford, want or deserve.

The Government's proposals of life peerages and expenses are meant to answer these objections.

But what will they call the husband of a woman peer?

SHADOWS

Figs didn't fly. But Britons were treated to a spectacle nearly as wondrous. It was the prospect of a group of top economists—of varying political hues and drawn from rival Oxford and Cambridge—in agreement on a major issue.

In a collective letter published in "The Times" they said how worried they were about the probable long-term political effects of the tight money policies of Britain and America.

These, they said in effect, would exacerbate the problems of underdeveloped primary-producing countries. Apparently these countries have been producing more just at a time when the big industrial powers like Britain and U.S.A. have put the brakes on the very industries that use their products.

Naturally any credit squeeze which further restricted these industries would have a ricochet effect on the nations which earn their living with basic commodities.

This letter coincided with a growing murmur of suspicion among economists and leaders-writers that the economic boom which has persisted almost continuously since the end of the war was petering out. And the pious hopes were being expressed that "governments on both sides of the Atlantic" would be shoring up their defences against the possibility of a slump.

In Britain, whatever might have been happening behind the economic scenes, the manifest policy of Her Majesty's Government was one of internal economic stringency—starting with wage demands.

And what, as Mr. James Thorneycroft said, are the leftists saying? They are saying in their various ways that the government's policy is a downright attack on the wage packets of the workers, and that today's Tories are as convinced as were their fathers in the efficacy of a pool of unemployed as a sort of economic catharsis.



ZANIES

5

By GILBERT ODD

Cowboy Of The Ring

ONE night a well-built, husky-looking youngster of 17 stood watching a glove contest in the small fight arena that provided one of the many forms of entertainment in the Montana mining town of Butte.

On the dimly-lit stage one of the local boys was taking on the promoter's man and getting the best of it. There was a prize of ten dollars for whoever could beat the professional, and the rough-and-ready fans were cheering their pal on to victory.

Suddenly he was backed against the curtain that hung behind the ropes upstage. The promoter's man swung a right and the local drew back to avoid it. The next moment he collapsed on his knees, slid forward, and was promptly counted out. The prize money was saved.

"That's all for tonight," yelled the announcer, as the unconscious miner was handed over to his friends. "And tomorrow there's still 10 dollars for the man who can step in and beat Kid Tracey, the champion of the west."

The arena was cleared, but the youngster lingered behind. No one took any notice as he came closer to the ring and gazed at the ones over.

He looked an awe-stricken kid, seeing a boxing ring for the first time. But his steel-blue eyes, narrowed and his lips were a thin line as he came away and sought out the proprietor.

"I'll fight Tracey tomorrow night," he said. "I'll fight him for the 10 dollars you're putting up."

The promoter looked him up and down. "You're not big enough, kid," he answered. "Tracey is a middleweight. He knows the game and he'll punch you hard for you. Go away, son, and come back when you're bigger."

"I weigh 150 pounds," quietly spoke the youngster. "I've been fighting all my life. I can take care of myself. You try me."

"O.K.," snapped the promoter. "You go on first tomorrow. Make sure you're here. And what's your name?"

"Stanislaus Kiesel," was the reply. "Polish, eh? Well you can't go into the ring with a mouthful like that. I'll change it to Stanley Ketchel."

The arena was packed the next night. The tough miners stared as a pale-skinned, good-looking youth climbed up to do battle with Kid Tracey.

"This won't last long," they thought. "This kid'll get murdered."

SANDBAG

BUT they did not worry. They'd paid to see someone get knocked about and dragged unconscious out of the ring. It happened every night.

Tracey was grinning as he came out of his corner for the opening round. But the smile rapidly left his face when the youngster drove a terrific right under his heart and sent him whirling into the ropes from a left hook to the chin.

The man behind the curtain saw the bulge made by the back of the head. He struck hard with the sandbag he was holding. Down went Tracey, helped on the way by a savage right hook to the point, and it was all over in a matter of seconds.

Everybody loved him, and he feared no one. It was just that he wanted to be known as a dare-devil cowboy, trigger-happy and reckless.

He gathered around him a collection of colourful followers. There was Wilson Mizner, an impoverished playwright, who was supposed to be his business adviser; there was Willis Brit, adventurer and flash sportsman, self-styled manager; there was a hanger-on named Pete the Goat, Ketchel's perpetual travelling companion.

CONFIDENCE

CHIEF of these were women, bright clothes, sad music, gams, fast cars and sweets. It was also rumoured that he occasionally smoked opium and drank champagne, but he needed neither dope nor alcohol to send him into the ring as a ruthless fighting machine.

Ketchel was a zanie all right. He had more confidence in his punching powers than any other scrapper before or since.

When he was fighting Frank Klaus, noted for his toughness and staying powers, Stanley tried a vicious right at the German's jaw, only to hear an ominous crack as his metacarpal bone cracked.

"You're hand's busted, you big dope," sneered Klaus. "Now watcha going to do."

"I'm going to beat you with my left hand, that's what," replied Ketchel and proceeded to do so. And don't forget he was a notorious right-hand puncher.

When he knocked out formidable Joe Thomas in 32 rounds to win the championship of the world, he was challenged by the brothers Sullivan, Mike and Jack.

Mike had first go. On his way to his dressing-room Ketchel saw Sullivan's chief second with a bagful of oranges.

"Sam, have you been robbing a fruit-stall?" grinned Stanley.

"They're for Mike," came the reply. "He likes to suck the stuff out of half an orange between rounds. I'm going to cut 'em up for him before we go in the ring."

"Cut only one up," advised the champion. "And eat half yourself. The rest you can sell back to the fruit merchant, you won't need 'em."

Mike was knocked out in 80 seconds.

Trembling with rage, brother Jack took the ring to get revenge for his brother's humiliating defeat. He was determined to go to the full 20 rounds in order to uphold the family prestige.

Unfortunately he told the Press of his intentions, and Ketchel got to hear of it. He gave Jack a systematic beating for round after round and each time Sullivan came from his corner the Aspinan greeted him

with: "What, you still hanging around, Jack. Do you think you're going to stay the distance?"

Sullivan used the ring, boxed on the defensive and covered up whenever trapped against the ropes. But it was no use, Ketchel left it to the last moment and knocked him sparkout with only a minute to go of the final session.

Some said Ketchel could put them away as and when he liked. It is certain that when he landed the pay-off punch there was no doubt about it.

When he knocked Jim Smith flat on his back with a terrific right swing, Stanley vaulted over the ropes before the referee started counting, and went straight to the dressing-room.

He didn't as much as look over his shoulder to see if his victim was stirring. He knew that Smith was put cold.

There was the time when he put away Hugo Kelly in three rounds. As his rival lay motionless on the deck, his seconds sprinkled water over him in the hope of bringing him back to consciousness, an illegality that caused Ketchel's corner to holler with indignation.

Stanley was coolness personified. He strode over to his own corner, picked up the water bucket and swished the full contents over the prostrate Kelly.

"See, he's out cold," said Ketchel. "He can't even swing."

TRUE PETE

HE had Jack O'Brien, the light-heavyweight champion, in the final seconds of his ten-round in New York, but the bell saved the titleholder, who was awarded a points verdict—even though he was miles away in dreamland.

Jack thought he had just been unlucky to run into the punch that scattered his brains, and offered Ketchel a return bout.

On his way to the arena, Stanley went into the telegraph office and sent a wire to his father. It read: "I won again, this time by kayo. Stanley."

"But Stan, you haven't had the fight yet," spluttered faithful Pete the Goat, thinking that the champion had suddenly gone punchy.

It was not even prophecy, just sheer confidence, for O'Brien was put away in three rounds.

Ketchel could never get enough practice with his big blue revolver. Shooting at tin cans, cats and bottles wasn't enough. He wanted a few natches on his gun.

One day Pete came to his door and knocked. "Go away," yelled Stanley. He was reading a wild Western and didn't want to be disturbed.

"Let me in," pleaded the Goat.

"I've got a telegram for you."

"Go away or I'll plug you," roared the fighter, pulling the revolver from under his pillow.

"Open the door," shouted back Pete. But his words were drowned as Ketchel splintered the door panel to pieces by emptying the gun with one blasting roar.

The Goat fell screaming to the floor. Out of bed leapt Ketchel, flung the door open and hugged his companion to his heart.

All thoughts of Western bravado left him as he realised that Pete was wounded. He lifted him tenderly in his arms, carried him down to his huge car and drove at breakneck speed to the nearest hospital. And he would not leave the place until he was assured that the damage was nothing more than a flesh wound in the leg.

The Goat became a mascot after that. Before he would leave his corner to start a fight, Ketchel always solemnly shook Pete's hand for good luck.

One day the Goat was missing when the opening gong sounded and Stanley walked round his opponent yelling, "Where's Pete? Find Pete for me."

At last the Goat came along to the ringside. Ketchel leant over the ropes, shook hands and then started to swap punches, his rival having been too scared to start until the champ was ready.

Only three men knocked Ketchel out in his short-lived career. One was Billy Papke. He ignored the usual handshake at the start of their championship fight and belted Stanley so hard between the eyes that he was dazed and blinded.

Stanley fought sightless and instinctively for 12 rounds until the referee would not let him take any more. In the return Ketchel took his complete revenge by slowly pounding Papke into pulp for 11 drawn out rounds, until Billy collapsed in a heap at his feet.

Then Stanley challenged mighty Jack Johnson. The big Negro towered over the middleweight champion, but Stanley wiped the smile off his face with a mighty right that sent the heavyweight titleholder doing a somersault in the ring.

When Johnson got to his feet, Ketchel ran recklessly in to finish him. But Jack timed his rush with a vicious uppercut to stretch Stanley out like a starfish for the full count.

The third man was Walter Dipey. He wasn't a fighter but a coward on a ranch where Ketchel went to recuperate from the Johnson fight.

MURDER

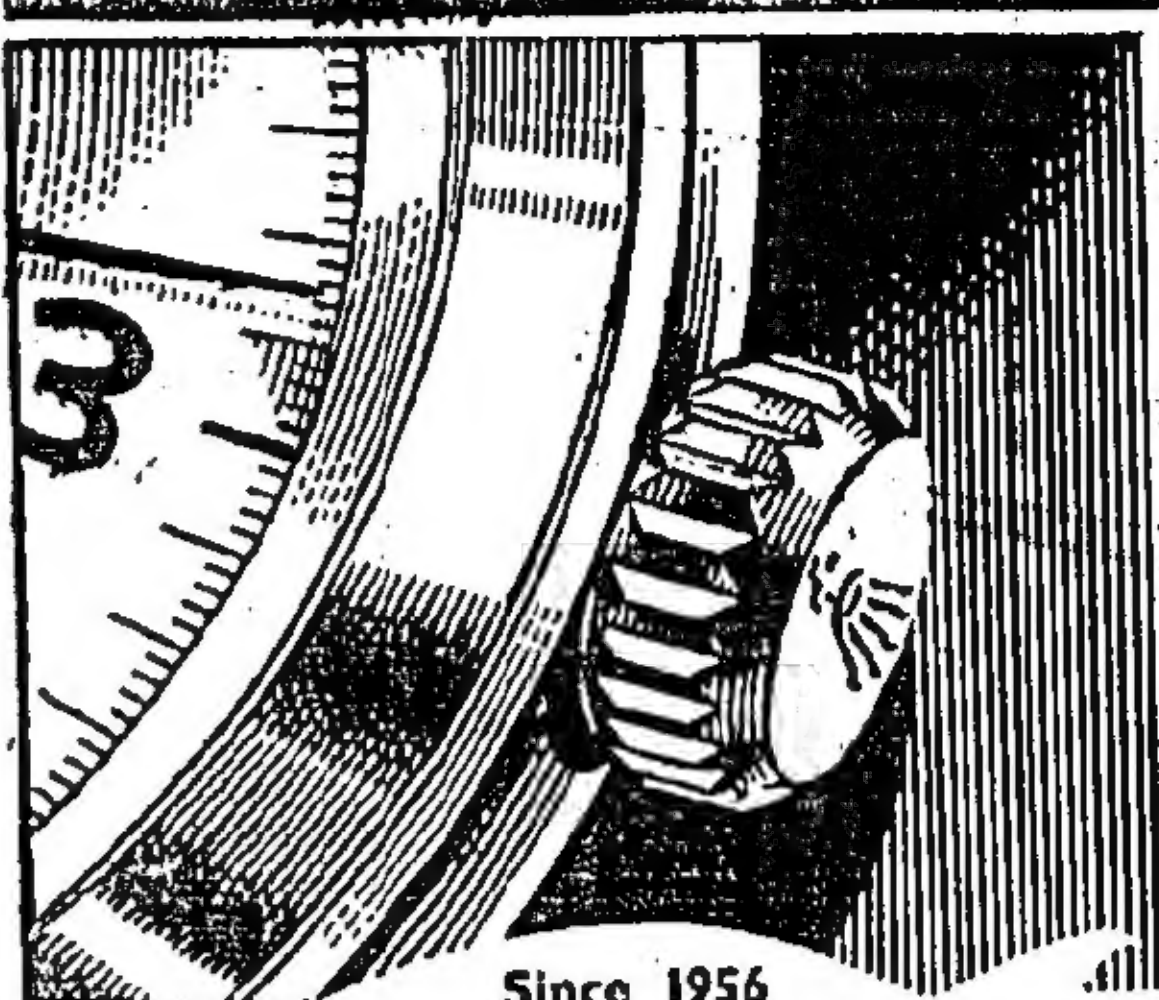
THERE was a kitchen girl whose job it was to get the boxer's meals. Stanley couldn't resist any woman, few women could resist him.

The hired man was her lover and he became madly jealous. One day Ketchel was sitting at breakfast, the huge Colt in his lap. Through the open window behind him was pushed a double-barrelled gun—both triggers were pulled.

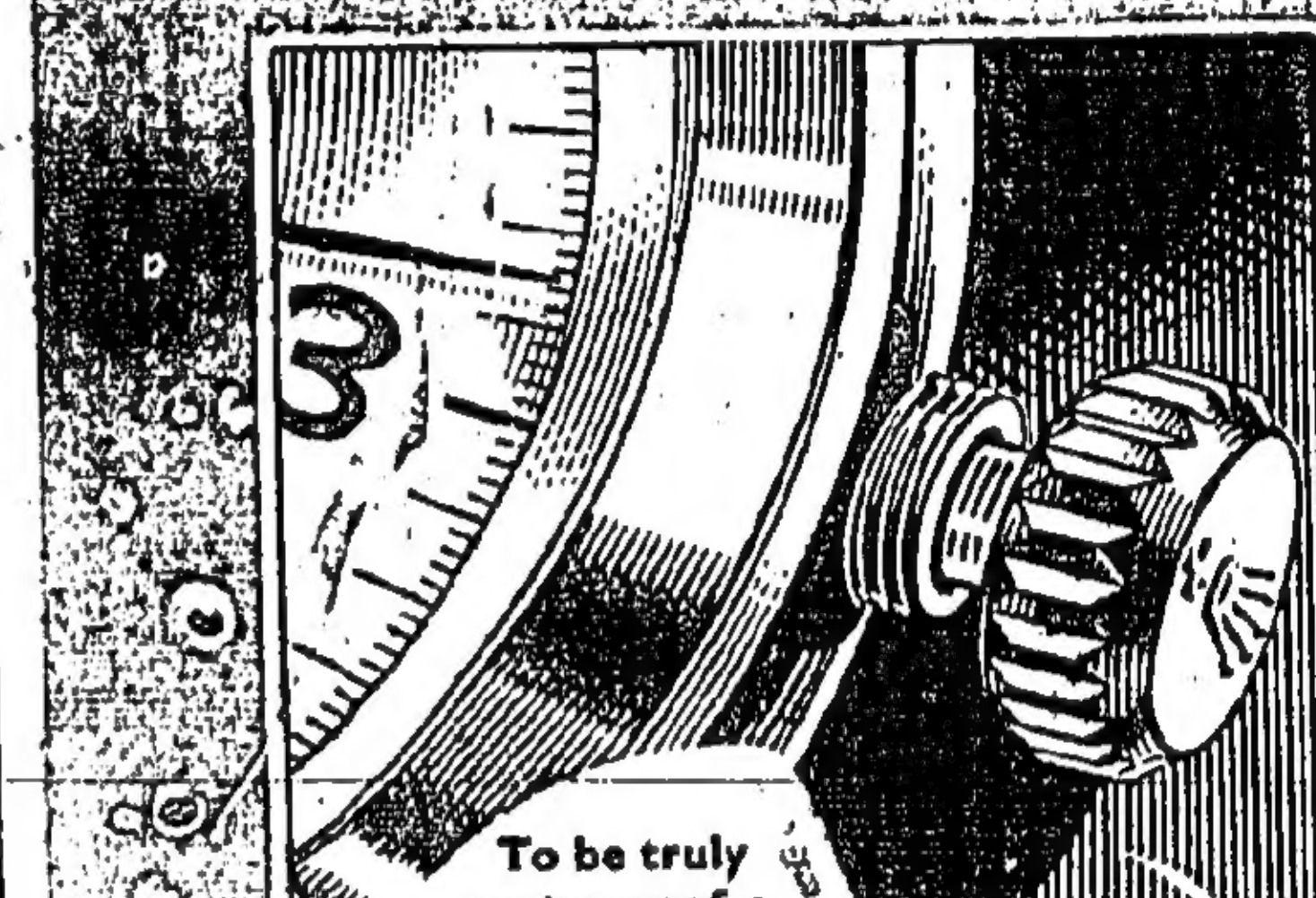
Stanley died in a matter of minutes. Like the Western heroes he had always imitated he passed at with his boots on. The Michigan Assassin had been assassinated at the early age of 24.

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Saturday, Nov. 9th

1957 COLONY-WIDE CHA CHA CHAMPIONSHIP

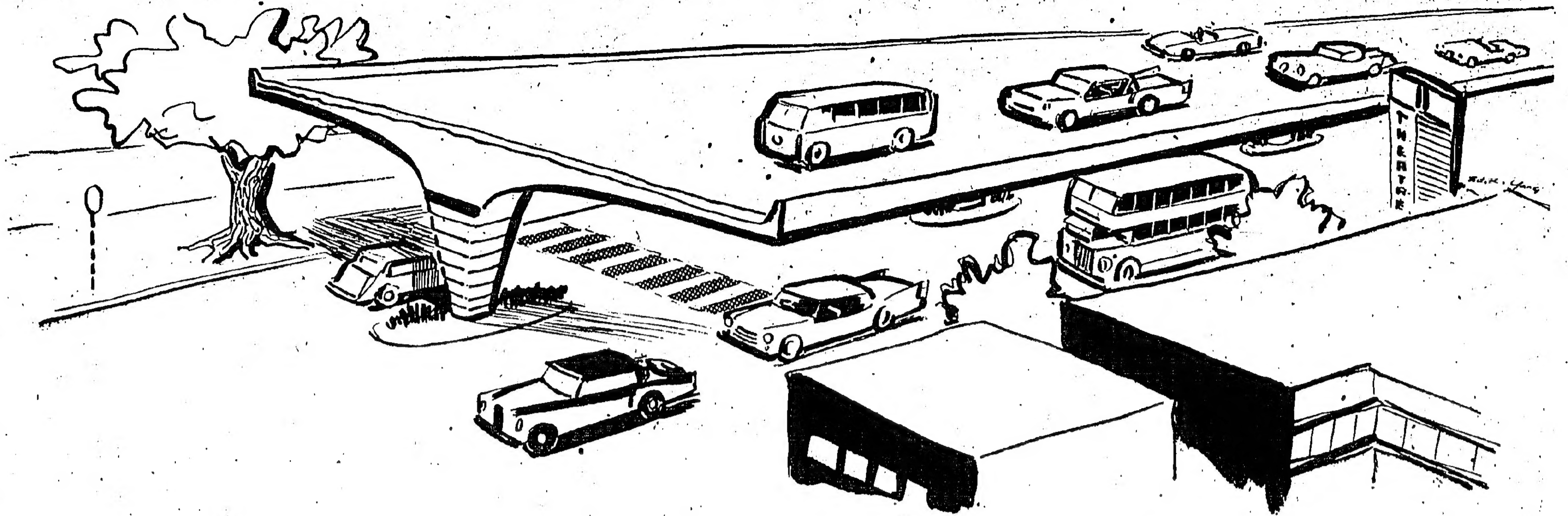
Entries will be closed at 9 p.m.

All contestants are requested to be at the office of this night club before 9 p.m.

ATTRACTIVE PRIZES

FOR RESERVATIONS PLEASE PHONE 73321-2

Is this the answer for Nathan Road?



UGLY DUCKLING

from Eric Kennedy

Brussels.
SUPER three-lane highways, strung 30 feet in the air on single centre pillar supports, are the answer to any choked city's traffic problems.

The man who says so is Omer Vanaudenhove, Belgium's dynamic Minister of Works. And he should know. Dark-haired, handsome Vanaudenhove put up one of these cheap easy-to-build fly-overs as part of his \$140 million plan to ease the traffic problem in the bustling, congested Belgian capital.

Cross town By-pass

His fly-over—about five-eighths of a mile long, over which motorists can leap from Brussels North station over the Brussels Canal and down on to a slick four-lane motor road link with the fast "autostrade" to the Belgian coast—was a sort of ugly duckling.

Vanaudenhove thought road tunnels were the answer to Brussels traffic worries. He put in 18 tunnels.

His "viaduct," as he calls the fly-over, was an experiment. "But," said the happy Minister, "these single pillar viaducts are the answer to any city's traffic problems."

BELOW: Drive,
Park,
Shop

Vanaudenhove is so convinced of this—and any observer can only agree—that he is having his "viaduct" extended. What is more, he plans to build about a dozen others around the Belgian capital.

Secret of these elevated highways is that they do not hinder the "surface" traffic down below. They are built like a mushroom. The heavy elevated road is supported by centre concrete pillars at about 15-yard intervals.

In this way, trams and buses can actually run underneath the elevated road. With huge spacings between the centre pillars there is no hindrance to crossing traffic—which passes underneath the highway.

What sort of Hongkong do you want to live in? TOMORROW?

GREAT DEBATE

The great debate on Hongkong's Traffic continues.

Once it was "Bridge v Tunnel".

Then it was "Tunnel v Speedway" ... the speedway being a wonderful scheme put up by Mr K. A. Watson for a six-mile causeway over Hongkong Harbour's western approaches.

Arguments for the causeway were that bridge or tunnel would cause too great a congestion in already overcrowded Nathan Road.

Arguments against any cross harbour improvement on the present ferries was "too much congestion anyway".

But the real argument was never stated.

It was "What sort of a town do you want to live in?" Because the kind of a town depends on the kinds of roads.

BETTER & BETTER?

Day by day, in every way, Hongkong and Kowloon get bigger and bigger. But do they get better and better?

The speedway visualised absorbing the growth in a great spread of urban building from Kowloon along the coasts, and over the hills around Shatin.

But do you want to travel miles to get anywhere? And what sort of roads or cars will carry you?

The bridge suggests a town growing skywards, centralised in the Kowloon peninsula. But what sort of life would you hope to lead in your "lift and taxi" city?

The blood of a modern city is its transport. The corpuscles are its cars. What kind of veins and arteries can prevent civic arteriosclerosis?

And—perhaps more important—when they come

DO YOU THINK YOU WILL LIKE THEM?

WILL this novel idea work in Hongkong? Is it suitable for the Colony, judging by its local conditions, to have a stretch of road of any length built above the congested Queen's Road, Central, or any part of the city where traffic is densest?

Both domestic and commercial buildings seek to extend upwards because of the limited space in the Colony. And why not roads to extend skyward too?

Last week I put the plan to three important members of the Hongkong community ... each one vitally concerned, in his own way, in traffic.

How would a skyway highway affect his worries? face would be partly reduced for use. Mr Fisher added that there were other engineering problems but, apart from them, the question of natural light was important. "Shops on the ground level might be shut off from natural light and they are not going to like that," he said.

Mr Fisher said that this scheme would work well in the open roads like those in the New Territories, where the sides were not bounded by shops or houses. But traffic on the open roads was not so congested as to warrant such a project.

He thought that in city limits, an elevated footpath on either side of a motor road, would be more suitable to keep pedestrians away from the main thoroughfares.

However, Mr Fisher said: "This double-decker thoroughfare might be useful in short stretches to serve as grade separations at busy road junctions like that at the foot of Garden Road."

Mr F. A. Fisher, Acting Chief Engineer of the Roads Office (PWD) :

"This scheme is not practical for Hongkong because of the narrow streets and other engineering considerations."

Mr Fisher said the upper road would have to be at least 16 feet above ground level and the incline leading to and away from this elevated stretch could not have a gradient of more than 9 or 10:1. And this inclined approach and lead-away would therefore stretch out quite a distance from the actual elevated road itself.

The upper road would be supported by columns studded along the centre of the lower road and that meant the lower road surface.

He said that though the cost of this raised thoroughfare would be cheaper than a tunnel, the cost per mile would be very high, but the idea would be useful in modified form as a "fly-over" at busy road junctions.

Mr K. B. Allport, an architect, one of the ardent advocates of the cross-harbour bridge, commented: "Not very practical. I don't think it will ease the flow of traffic very much. The cost would be prohibitive."

by J. P. Prettejohn



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LUCKY JIM



Professor and Mrs. Welch (Hugh Griffith and Joan Anderson) and their objectionable son Burton (Terry-Thomas) here just received Jim's invitation—and their missing towels—they have escaped at their front door.

"TELL me," said Atkinson, "how does it feel to be a retired junior lecturer?" Jim Dixon considered the morning's events; his offer of resignation, and how the Principal had accepted it. "When I can feel anything, I think I'm going to feel fine," he said. "Like getting out of gaol."

He tested his freedom by flexing his arm muscles, but the experiment was a painful failure.

"That's where we dropped you, getting you upstairs," explained Atkinson. He looked at Dixon with sympathetic interest. "What are you going to do?"

Dixon crammed a crumpled shirt into his suitcase. "Oh, look for a job. I'm free, very ill, and only 24." He looked around the room and spotted a bundle of files in a corner. "Ah, yes, Merrie England—and Mrs Welch's sheets."

He gathered everything together. "Can you drop me there?" he asked.

"Just about," said Atkinson. "Have to get a move on—got to see a man about a Dodge."

The door slammed behind them. The ex-junior lecturer's bed-sitter was vacant for possession.

Downstairs, the clamouring telephone delayed their departure. Instantly, Dixon picked up the receiver. Speaking, he said: "Who's that? Sir Hector. Good morning sir. Yes, I'm afraid it's true. I'm leaving."

In the doorway, Atkinson waited impatiently, his fingers tapping the dial of his wrist-watch. Curiously, he stepped forward as Dixon put down the telephone.

"That was Sir Hector," he said. "He wants me to go and see him. Pushing back Atkinson's sleeve, he glanced at the watch. He had been unemployed, he estimated, for exactly one hour.

PRESSING PROBLEM

ENCUMBERED by his suitcase, the files, and the parcel of sheets, Dixon's problem was how to ring the Welch's doorbell. His solution was to push it with his forehead.

Mrs. Welch opened the door, in time to see Dixon leaning forward like an elephant, nudging a bale of teak. "Well," she said coldly.

Dixon put on a show of brightness. "Good morning," he said. "I owe you a sheet and two blankets."

Mrs. Welch received the information, and the parcel, without enthusiasm. "I hope you'll like the colour," he added. "They're white."

Over his wife's shoulder loomed the face of Professor Welch. "Dixon," he said. "Where have you been? I've been phoning everywhere. 'I had to see the Principal' said Dixon.

Welch's eyebrows arched like furry caterpillars. "Don't talk nonsense," he snapped. "You can only see the Principal through me."

Patently Dixon explained the situation. But the simple words seemed to confound Welch like a problem in calculus. "Resign!" he said. "But you can't. It's not the end of term. I have your contract."

"Then you can study it," said Dixon, ceremoniously handing over the files on Merrie England. There was a short, shocked silence which exploded in a joint Welch protest. Suddenly, Dixon held up his hand. "And now," he said, "I should like to speak to Christine."

In answer, the door slammed in his face.

Dixon picked up his suitcase and backed away from the house. "Jim!" said a voice behind him and he wheeled round. He saw Margaret. Peel adjusting the rest on her motor scooter.

"I'm leaving," he explained. "I've just got to see Christine." Margaret smiled maliciously. "Well, you won't," she said. "She's gone."

"Gone?"

"On the 11th."

Dixon stared at her, and then at his watch. There was no time to lose.

"So you may as well calm down, James," said Margaret. "There's a lot to explain and I think we'd better go somewhere quiet, and—"

Dixon disappeared rapidly behind the scrubbery. A door slammed, and a starter growled. Seconds later, Margaret jumped to one side as the Welch car bounded down the drive, with

and ahead lies the rich full life

Dixon at the wheel. He was wearing his Stirling Moss face. It was a ride to remember. Once upon a time, the road had been young, but years of Professor Welch's driving had bullied it into premature senility. The windscreen wipers waved feebly like the feelers of a mechanised beetle. Clouds of blue smoke puffed from the bonnet, as well as the exhaust. With his foot jammed on the accelerator, Dixon tried desperately to coax the engine into giving its final best.

It was 11.14. Dixon gritted his teeth and bounced backwards and forwards in his seat as though he was urging on a rocking horse. A loud banging mingled with the splutter of the engine. There was a loud report as a tyre burst.

Dixon hung on to the wheel as the car zig-zagged across the road skidding through a puddle. He saw spray shoot up on either side, and deluge a pair of fugitive pedestrians.

LOSS ON THE WAY

Piece by piece, the car began to shed its fittings. The rear lamp came adrift, and trailed behind by its flex. The number plate jerked loose at one end. The bumpers shook frantically, and the door handles rattled.

Dixon swung into the station yard, and raced for the booking office. Fumbling for money, he found his pockets stuffed with things forgotten while packing. A tie, a toothbrush, and an assortment of handkerchiefs cascaded to the floor.

As he handed his ticket, the guard's whistle blew. Dixon grabbed his suitcase and ran. The train was already moving. Porters belaboured warnings as Dixon sprinted down the platform, hurried his case through an open window and wrenched the carriage door open. For an awful moment the train seemed to outstrip him and then, with a bound, he was inside and panting on the red plush seat.

The train had cleared the station buildings by the time that the Welch's arrived. Professor Welch and Bertrand had commandeered Margaret's motor scooter, and Mrs. Welch had made the rough ride on her bicycle.

Mud-spattered and dishevelled they clung up at the train as it rattled over the car park. Scuttling along the corridor, Dixon reached Christine's compartment in time to enjoy the view.

He put his arm around Christine's waist and waved from the window. Three pygmy fists waved back at him. The train gathered speed and the Welch's slid out of sight.

Dixon laid a grimy finger against Christine's cheek. A bump over the points jerked them closer together. Ahead lay London and the rich, full life. Dixon breathed the free fresh air. Perhaps he really was Lucky Jim after all.

LUCKY JIM, Kingsley Amis' novel from which the Boulting Bros. film is adapted, is published by Collins at 13s. 6d.

London Express Service

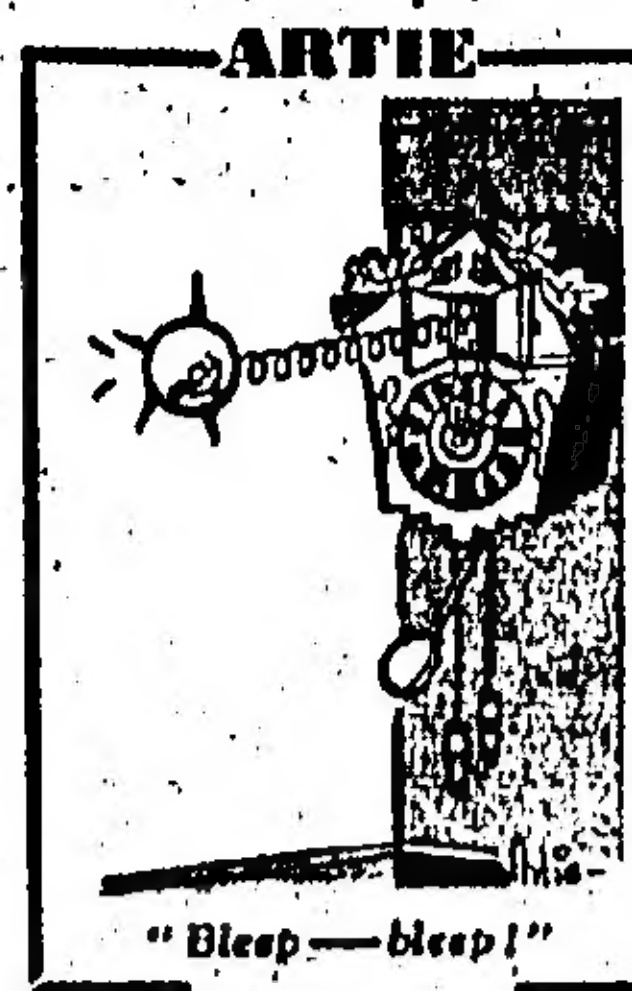
AT THE CENTRE OF THE HOURS OF FERMENT IN THE KREMLIN

The Massive Adversary

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON



"And another thing, Marshal—you're indulging in the cult of personality!"



tion, respected, trusted, and accorded the gratitude due to one who had saved his country from destruction.

Ironical

WHAT was ironical was that Krushchev himself had contributed to the strength of his adversary. For Krushchev was the main agent in dragging down Stalin's reputation from its pedestal.

But if Stalin had not defeated Hitler, if Stalin had not saved Moscow and won the battle of Stalingrad—then who had? Who had been the saviour of Russia?

There could only be one answer. Marshal Georgi Konstantinovich Zhukov.

As the first soldier of Russia, Zhukov had a unique ascendancy over the Red Army. As Minister of Defence, he was at the centre of a bureaucratic web second in strength and complexity only to the Communist Party itself.

Saved him

THERE was, however, another factor which may have forced Krushchev to get to grips with the great soldier.

When the fateful meeting of the Central Committee of the Party took place in July—the

meeting at which Krushchev overthrew the Molotov-Malenkov faction—Zhukov was the only who saved the day for Krushchev.

So Krushchev won, with Zhukov's help.

The latest rivalry between three two Russian peasants risen to authority might have remained in abeyance.

But Krushchev, carrying out far-reaching schemes of decentralisation in Russia plus a daring, adventurous policy outside Russia, needed absolute obedience from the army.

And it seemed that Zhukov had his own ideas about the army, its role, and the way in which its efficiency could best be maintained.

Among the most consistent qualities of the massive antagonist of Krushchev is his complete, steadfast Russian patriotism. Zhukov won two St George's Crosses for valour fighting the Kaiser's Germans in the old Czarist Army.

When Hitler's patriots were at the gates of Moscow, Zhukov gathered his staff, gave them a look, and said: "Raise your hands. Repeat: 'We take this oath: Moscow will not fall!'"

This was the language which a Marxist commissary might have found shocking. But it was the emotional utterance of a Russian leader engaged in a deadly national war.

This is the mainspring of Zhukov's career. It is the key to his outlook at any moment in his life.

Budapest

THE man whom Krushchev challenges in what may be the most desperate political struggle in Russia since Stalin defeated Trotsky is not only a soldier who "got on with it." He is the man who sent a thousand Soviet tanks against Budapest a year ago.

He did so because he believed that Russia's security demanded it. He did so as a soldier who could remember the past when Nazi tanks were on the Volga and must prepare for a future in which the sons of Nazi soldiers would be armed once more.

Zhukov is, of course, a convinced Communist. But he has been a soldier for more than

40 years. He has been a Russian for 61 years.

He would probably serve any legal, patriotic Russian Government. How many of Napoleon's marshals were unwilling to serve the restored Bourbons?

Krushchev may, one day, be swept away. But Russia will remain. The duty of the army to defend it will remain. And the mission of a Russian general is—Zhukov may think—to keep the army strong, compact, and somewhat detached from politics.

It is natural that Krushchev should resent a colleague whose prestige is immense, whose character and energy are formidable—and whose loyalty is manifestly divided between the nation and his political boss.

His aim

IT is the aim of a man of Zhukov's type to hold the army in reserve as a political force, to intervene only in a dire emergency where the alternative is a breakdown of order in the country.

Such a man is in a position of tactical weakness—his whole training inclines him to obey the orders of his Government.

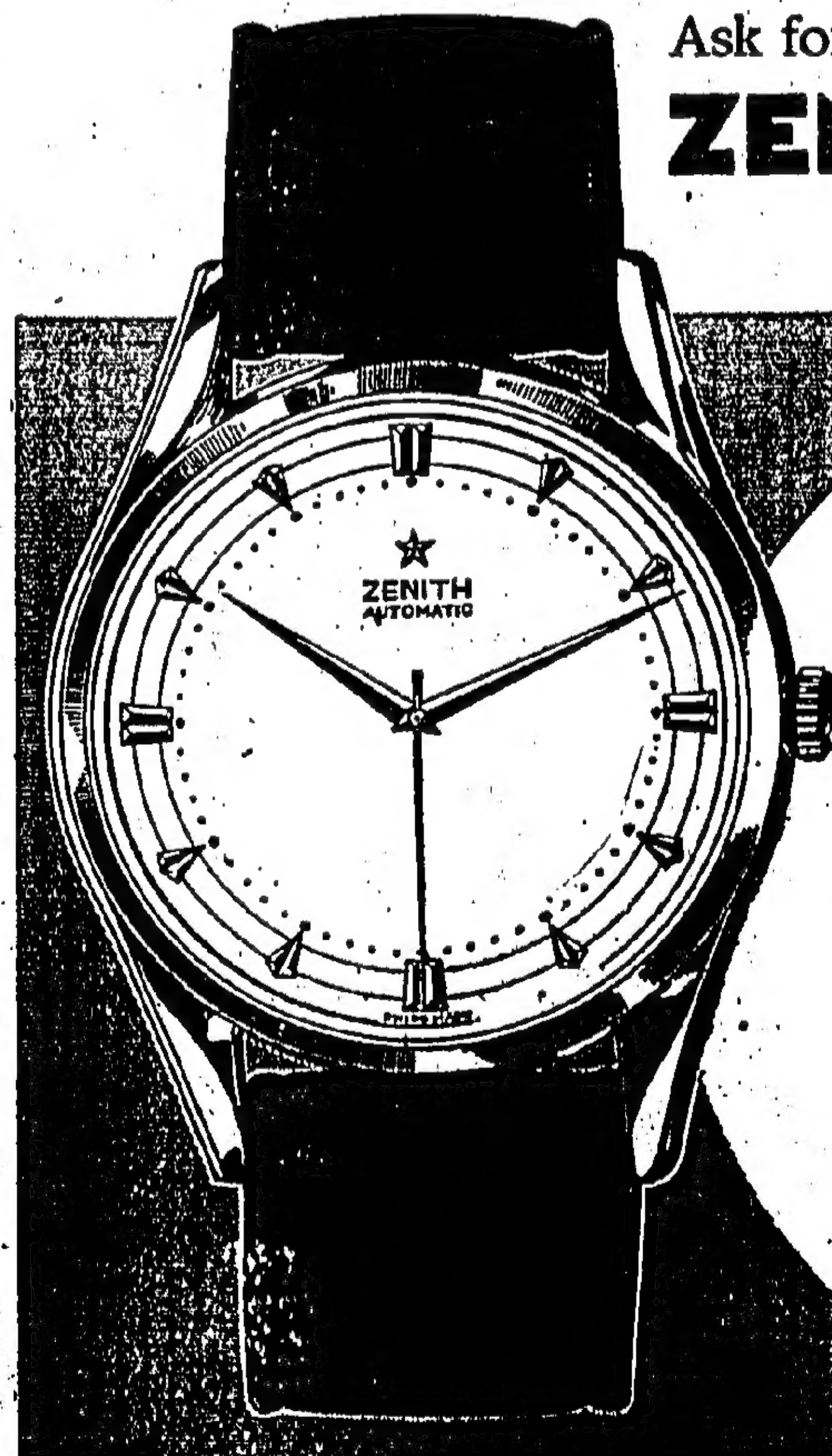
But what if Zhukov believes that Krushchev's policy is dangerous for Russia? What if the struggle in the Kremlin is a clash of principles as well as a collision between two personalities alike in origin, determination, and strength?

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Well, I was feeling a little better."

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ZANIES



"I wish you could tell me what time it is."

INSIDE
SHOW
BUSINESS

A New Girl (after Mary Martin) Washes That Man Right Out of her Hair: FIRST PICTURES



I'm gonna wash that man



right out



of my hair



The man—Rossano Brazzi

FROM the South Sea island of Kauai come these first pictures of a long-awaited event—the film version now being made of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical "South Pacific."

With a budget of \$1,750,000 and the giant-size Todd AO screen process it is claimed to be the biggest ever musical. Be that as it may, it should certainly be the most realistic.

By plane

Director Josh Logan, the man who made Marilyn Monroe pasty-faced for "Bus Stop," is carrying the same approach into his first musical. He has flown every member of the 200-strong cast from Hollywood to the Kauai location near Hawaii. Even musical scenes are being

filmed there. Casting, too, has an off-beat style. The girl splashing and singing her way through "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair" is Mitzzy Gaynor (and realist Logan made her do it 20 times).

Mary Martin, who created the Nellie Forbush role on Broadway and in London, was considered too mature for the film. Joan Simmons might have had the part—but she decided to have a baby instead. So after being sacked by 20th Century-Fox two years ago the Gaynor girl got her chance of a triumphant homecoming.

Rossano Brazzi has his first singing role as Nellie's cultured Frenchman. And John Kerr—the "Tea and Sympathy" boy—also risks singing for the first time.

Deep Passion In Shallow Water

'BITTER RICE' VIA HOLLYWOOD TO MOSCOW

IT is the oldest trick in films. It has never failed yet. And now the Russians are cashing in on it. You take a pretty girl and a good-looking man and you roll them in the nearest lake or ocean until their clothes are clinging and both of them are good and wet.

Then you move them into close-up for a passionate embrace. Immediately, so the exhibitors say, the box-office begins to generate heat and steam rises in the audience.

by LEONARD MOSLEY



WITHOUT BOURGEOIS INHIBITIONS. (See right)

Being a Communist girl, she rest of her party, possibly has no inhibitions about making—because they do not know how her attitude clear. The result is to make such cozy fires out of a love scene that will bring a blush to the faces of the more orthodox members of the party but is well-calculated to drag quite a few fellow-travellers along to whichever cinema happens to show this film; for this is a new and much more attractive party-line.

Climax

When some of his White Russian comrades turn up, he rushes towards them. Mariutka promptly shoots him in the back and claims her latest victim.

Of course, Mariutka does not neglect her duty as a good Communist, and in between clinches on the beach she picks on the propaganda.

Unfortunately, though the Czarist is all in favour of Mariutka, he cannot seem to show the same passion for the and a stretch of Russia.

It is a formula which may well be summed up in the words: Deep Passion in Shallow Waters. It is a formula which paid off, you may remember, in a film called "Bitter Rice" in which a dull Italian actress named Silvana Mangano was kissed while standing knee-deep in muddy water—and was immediately changed into a palpitating sex-symbol.

It happened (do I need to remind you?) in "From Here to Eternity" when a school-marmish English miss named Deborah Kerr wallowed in the surf with Burt Lancaster and, damp but definitely not limp, raised a fevered sweat on the brows of 20,000,000 filmgoers.

And what do you know? They too have discovered that, though oil and water may not mix, lovers and water certainly do.

The film is called "The Forty-First," and it is the most successful attempt by the Soviets yet to sell their way of life by mixing propaganda with a strong infusion of sex-and-water.

The time of the film is 1917, when the Soviet revolutionaries are fighting the Czarist armies for the mastery of Russia.

Sharpshooter

The Reds capture a young and decidedly handsome Czarist officer (Oleg Strizhakov). He is put in the charge of the champion sharpshooter of the force—luxurious comrade named Mariutka (Izolda Izvitskaya) who, though a woman, has already shot 40 Czarist officers and knows how to take care of herself in other ways too.

She pushes the Czarist around with boot and rifle butt until, one day, they are washed ashore on a deserted beach and are forced to share a hut together. The Czarist calls Mariutka his Girl Friday and tells her the story of Robinson Crusoe.

I had never thought of Crusoe as an erotic tale, but it arouses the beast in Mariutka. She hangs miles of dried fish on to the fire ("We always use fish in Astrakhan; it burns better than wood") and tells her White Russian prisoner: "Better take off your clothes. We don't want to catch a chill!"

Mariutka turns out, underneath her lumpy uniform, to have what it takes—quite as much as Miss Mangano, and perhaps a little more than Miss Kerr.



WHEN BOY MEETS GIRL

★ ★ Anthony Fuller's Column ★ ★

NOW, please do not think I am claiming to be quick on the draw or, in any manner of speaking, an expert on fire-arms. In fact I do not like them in any way. But I do like these Westerns where all manner of tough characters toss bullets at one another in the most casual manner, and yet get the target every time.

All I want to say to fellow Western fans is that it is impossible—except with a considerable portion of luck.

My experience with a revolver began one miserable day at Critter Creek when we were dished out with "gals," as the wideboys called them, and immediately we began to do the Wild-West stuff of firing from the hip, and fanning the R.S.M.

Unfortunately, I cannot print his remarks on how a revolver should be fired, nor can I publish his criticism of my fellow amateur cowboys. It doesn't matter, for here follows an expert opinion, none other than that of Wyatt Earp whose character is taken over by Burt Lancaster in the film now showing at the King's and Princess.

Before he died in Los Angeles on January 13, 1929, Earp described the killing methods of professional gunmen, of whom he was definitely one, even if a duly licensed one.

"To win in gunplay, I first had to learn to take my time. Secondly, if I hoped to live long on the frontier, I would shun the flashy trick-shooting, grandstand play... as I would shun poison."

"The Western fighter never stood stockstill. His object was to kill and avoid being killed while avoiding return fire. He moved around. More important than the quick draw was the ability to shoot on the dodge and to employ footwork."

"When I say I took my time in a gunfight, I mean the time to be taken was only that split-fraction of a second that means the deadly accuracy I could achieve by taking aim, and the miss I could make by trying fancy shooting."

"In all my life as a frontier peace officer, I did not know a really proficient gunfighter who had not a contempt for the gun fanner, or the man who deliberately shot from the hip. They stood small chance to live against a man who took his time and pulled the trigger once."

"Mentally deliberate, but muscularly faster than thought, is what I mean." This spoke the West's most feared lawman, the man who returned to Doe Holliday as the deadliest shot with a six-gun he ever knew.

Going back to what I've seen with people who handle a gun for the first time, I am

prepared to stand one side of King's Road, allow you to stand the other and defy you to hit me once.

On second thoughts, I will not—you might be lucky!

YOU would be surprised at the snags that can arise when a film is being shot on location. Hongkong is worse than anywhere. I should imagine. Directly a camera was set up for a street scene in "Hongkong Affair," the latest film to be made here by a Hollywood Company, a crowd gathered and posed before the lens.

The cameramen tossed some beautiful epithets at them, but it was of no use. The more they swore, the thicker grew the crowd, and the end, a camera concoiled in a truck parked in the street was the only answer.

Then there were the noises to consider. The sensitive microphone picks up everything but the kitchen sink. In the police station scenes filmed at the studios, the shout for "No Noise" goes on for about five minutes until everyone is stunned into silence. You dare not even strike a match.

The Director calls, "Take 224, action, round." The nervous-strained actors get through their parts, and just as they finish a distant Cockerel goes "Cock-a-doodle coo!"

They take a chance, rush the film to the studio theatre, and there it is. "Cock-a-doodle coo!" Retake.

★ ★ ★

WHEN director Philip Leacock turned a laundry in a London street into a restaurant for the Rank Organisation film, "The Sinners," he fooled the whole neighbourhood.

The laundry co-operated fully, allowed their front to be re-painted and dressed with an imposing menu hanging in the window.

And for the rest of the week the managers spent hours explaining to would-be diners that all the food supplied was clean laundry or bar soap.

Neighbours and passers-by remained convinced that a new and exclusive restaurant had been opened in the street.

★ ★ ★

FILM critics have been given an awful blast by Abram F. Myers, National Allied's board chairman.

Among other things he says: "Nevertheless, the sweeping and contemptuous attitude of

some reviewers towards motion picture is becoming tiresome to exhibitors and we hope to all lovers of fair play.

The reviewer on a certain weekly periodical with a large circulation is a conspicuous example of the supercilious school of criticism.

His reviews abound with wisecracks, doubtful puns, and dirty digs, and contain nothing to indicate whether the average film goer would enjoy the picture.

"He plainly writes for his own amusement and that of the readers who will accept neat phrases and a play on words as substitutes for information and constructive thought."

I could not agree more. What is more I consider the yellowest of yellow journalism

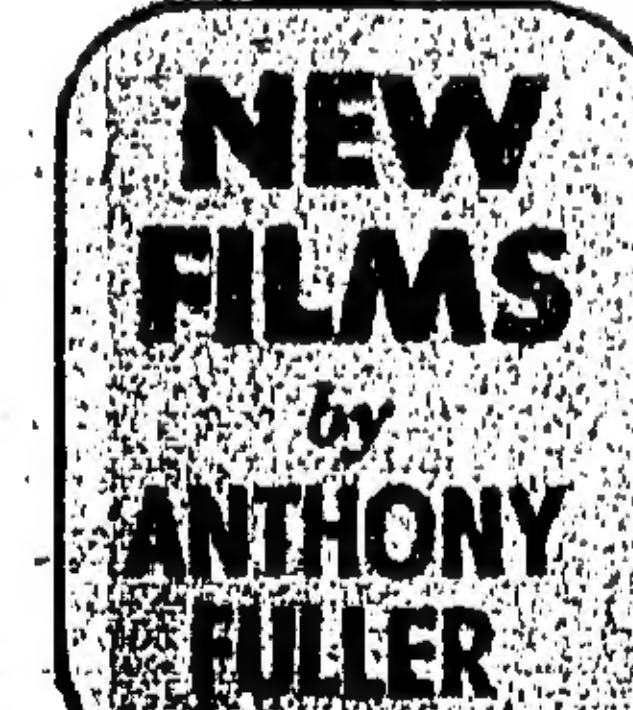
A Frozen Symphony Of Beauty On Film

"SYMPHONIE in Gold" opens tomorrow at the Queen's and Alhambra. I want to say that it stands in my opinion as the most beautiful ice Revue I have ever seen. This frozen Symphony of beauty exploits all that can be done on ice, and provides a magnificent spectacle to suit every changing mood of an audience.

Although it is called, "Symphonie in Gold," there is also the mood indigo, when the whole screen adopts that colour as two superb skaters perform the Tango on ice, while an unseen orchestra plays "The Blue Tango." It is as brittle as ice, and as lovely as a Polar landscape.

But should your mood be that of a critic who can't appreciate the bewildering patterns of a skater's tetrachord art, you are then taken into the arena where solo skaters perform their competitive gyrations, and you wait for the decision of the judges with all the impatience of a spectator in a ring-side seat.

Suppose you have the kiddies with you. Then a whole sequence is given up to children when, with supreme artistry, the camera reduces the whole ice-funk to a play-table, peopled step from a miniature train and strut with ridiculous pomp across the ice.



All that a child could dream of is mingled with the producer's art to create a thing of surpassing loveliness.

If you are just out for fun, then listen to Alice Babe sing "Ding Diddling Dingdiddling." In one scene you have the Alpine aspect of a modern pantomime. Of course there is a plot running through the film, quite a good one for this kind of thing, but beauty overtakes the plot every time.

I give the names of the stars: Joachim Fuchberger as Walter Gerlos, who takes the lead as a country boy anxious to put his Alpine village on the map, and Germaine Damar as Eva Bell who plays opposite him. But to me, the charm was to see the Viennese ice Revue. All that is left of Vienna's old love of life and romantic beauty, sealed into this film to capture you for an enchanting evening.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

Roxy & Broadway: "The Sun Also Rises"—Hemingway's boldest love story. Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Juliette Greco.

Hoover & Liberty: "Man On Fire"—Blag Crosby in a straight part. The tragedy of a child of divorced parents.

Star & Metropole: "The King and Four Queens"—An unusual Western which gives the tough play to four women and one man. Clark Gable, Eleanor Parker, with Jean Willes, Barbara Nichols, and Sarah Shanes.

King's & Princess: "Gundlach at the O.K. Corral"—Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas in the wildest gunfight ever.

COMING

Roxy & Broadway: "No Down Payment"—The great story of today's young newly-weds. Joanne Woodward, Sherie North, Tony Randall, and Jeffrey Hunter.

Hoover & Liberty: "The Great Sinner"—A gambler and a love story. Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck.

Star & Metropole: "Quartermaster"—A lonely desperate woman and four violent men. Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Malone, and James Barton.

King's & Princess: "Loving You"—Elvis in his first big modern musical.

Queen's & Alhambra: "Symphonie in Gold"—A luscious, lyrical love which holds all ice-carvings in ice. Joachim Fuchberger, Germaine Damar, Alice Babe, and the Vienna ice Revue.

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



**FOR
TEN
YEARS
HE
STOLE
THE HEADLINES**

CHRISTIAN DIOR—



By Joan Harrison

A PART of Paris life disappeared abruptly with the death of Christian Dior. The sewing girls, the cutters, the designers, the salesgirls expressed it in one phrase — "Le maître est mort" — the master is dead.

There is no one single name that stands out as the logical successor to the magic that was Dior. If I have to choose two — and I may be in disagreement with Anne Edwards on this — I would name Balenciaga and Givenchy.

A drama

These two designers, the shy Spaniard and the Gt. Ain. Frenchman Givenchy, have set the line of fashion for some time — but they did not have the same world-wide commercial exploitation as Dior.

There is no doubt that the house of Dior will try to continue.

Dior was a first-class business man as well as an artist but, as one Dior employee put it with tears rolling down his face, "The soul has died."

That sounds rather a melodramatic phrase, but Dior's sudden death is a drama for the French couture.

There is a precedent in the death of Jacques Fath two years ago. His widow attempted to carry on, bringing in new young designers. But it did not work. The House of Jacques Fath is now closed.

Everyone was red-eyed both inside and outside the elegant premises of Dior in the Avenue Montaigne.

The head of the salon, tall Madame Luland, was comforting young designers and assistants of Dior who were openly crying in her arms.

His mission

A message from Marcel Bousnac was read: "France's great reputation in the world of couture was broken in 1939 by the war and the occupation. Other countries were trying to

THE KNOT of girls in the Avenue Montaigne, off the Champs Elysees, cluster round the morning's paper. The door behind them says "Christian Dior — Boutique." They work in the salon inside. Now they read that their dynamic employer will pass no more through that door.

gain the prestige that belonged to France. It was at that moment that I met Christian Dior and that the house of Dior was created.

"We, his friends, have one consolation. He had accomplished his mission. He gave back again to France all her prestige as a leader of fashion." Standing outside on the pavement and gazing at the outside of the building was another famous Paris dressmaker — Castillo of Lanvin. He said, his eyes full of tears: "Dior and myself were probably the only remaining two designers of our generation (he is in his fifties too) who liked to make a woman pretty."

I thought how true it was. With Dior's death has come the end of an epoch. For it is Balenciaga and Givenchy who really instigated the sack look. They, the two "avant-garde" designers of the fifties, like women to look elegant and

THE MARRIAGE DODGERS

by JOY MATTHEWS

● "HOW TO AVOID MATRIMONY" — a subversive new novel, slips on to the bookshelves this week.

Its aim: to help bachelors stay that way. The author, Gerald Froy, has gone thoroughly into the question of how to date the girl without marrying her.

And in the course of this sometimes witty, always dangerous book, he reveals — How to spot the girl with marriage on her mind: when she says, "I thought of buying

you a signet ring for your birthday," or, "I wouldn't like to be married to you."

How to get marriage out of the girl's mind: "I don't want to put fetters and leg-irons on you... It's your love that I want, and if you love me now it is because you know that you can walk out on me any time you fancy."

How to get rid of the girl with marriage on her mind: "I shall always cherish your memory with affection. Please don't spoil it now." Mr Froy also warns: — He who buys his girl friend a

pair of towels marked His and Hers is doomed.

He who lets her have a key to his flat is doomed... and so on, and so on.

But Mr Froy has overlooked one thing. For 12s. 6d. the enemy has access to the complete freemasonry of bachelorhood.

How like a man to let his most precious secrets fall into our hands.

★ "How to Avoid Matrimony," by Gerald Froy, published by Frederick Muller, Ltd. Price 12s. 6d.

Grandma's Nightie?



It's grandma's nightie brought bang up to date — the Victorian-style nightdress with a 1957 look about it. It's as easy to wash as cotton, but as warm and fleecy as wool. In brushed nylon, trimmed with embroidery and lace, it comes in pale and pretty colours — lemon, pink, and powder blue, or aquamarine, and is made in London.

JOHN FRENCH TOOK THE PICTURE

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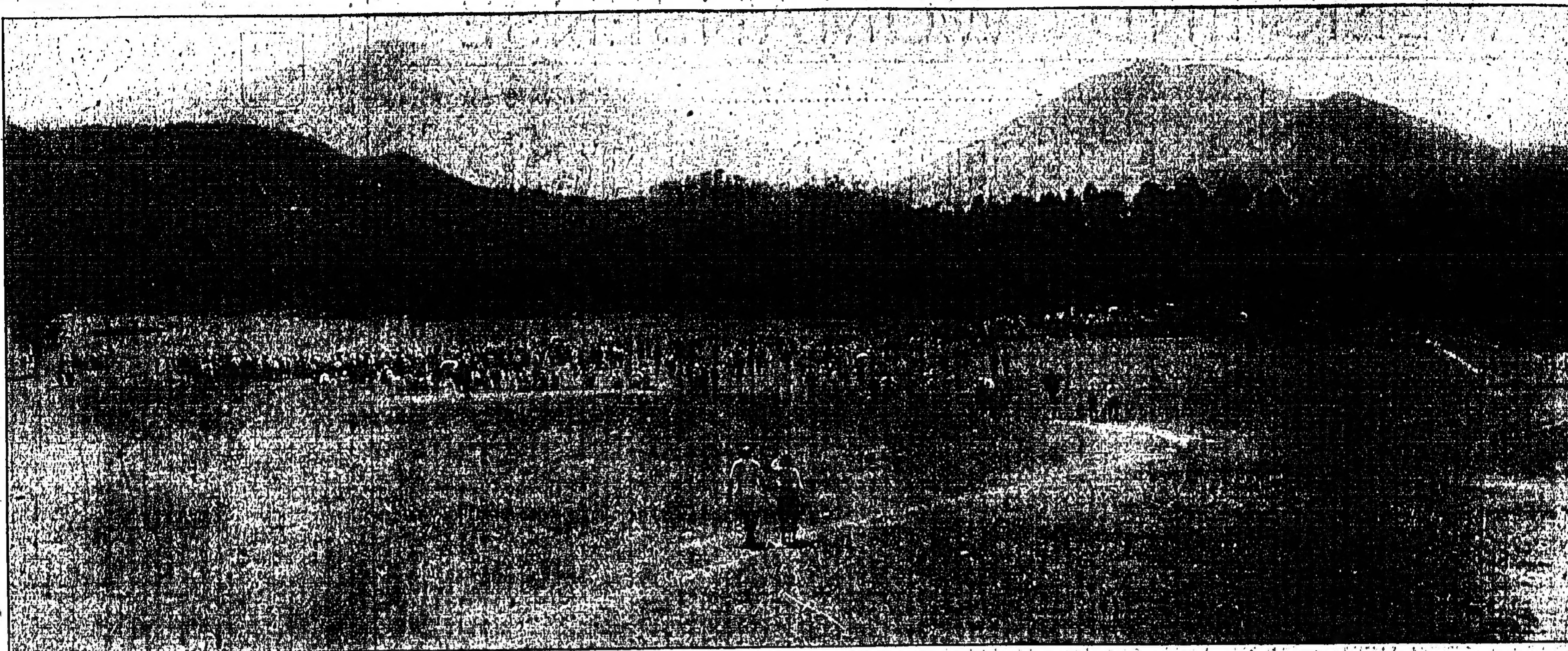
Whatever you are doing on Monday evening, make sure that you are close to your own T.V. set or that of a friend. Whiteaways Autumn Fashion Show is well worth seeing.

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REDIFFUSION
WIRED
TELEVISION
HONG KONG



Mark Webster gets a golf ball autographed by O'Connor on the club house steps, home from the rough below.

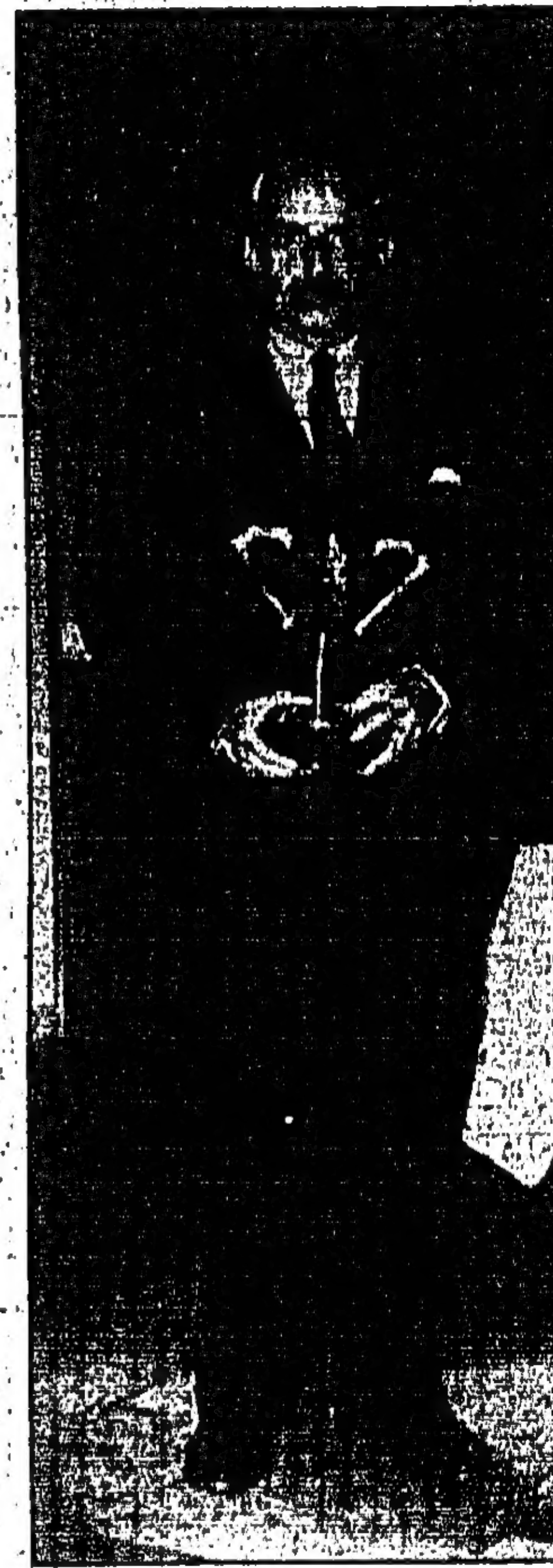
Charms of the Fanling Golf Course compete successfully with the British Ryder Cup Team as 600 spectators follow a demonstration of perfect golf in a perfect setting.



Bousfield on the green, and in the fairway, and O'Connor in the sand . . . shots the spectators swarm the course to follow.

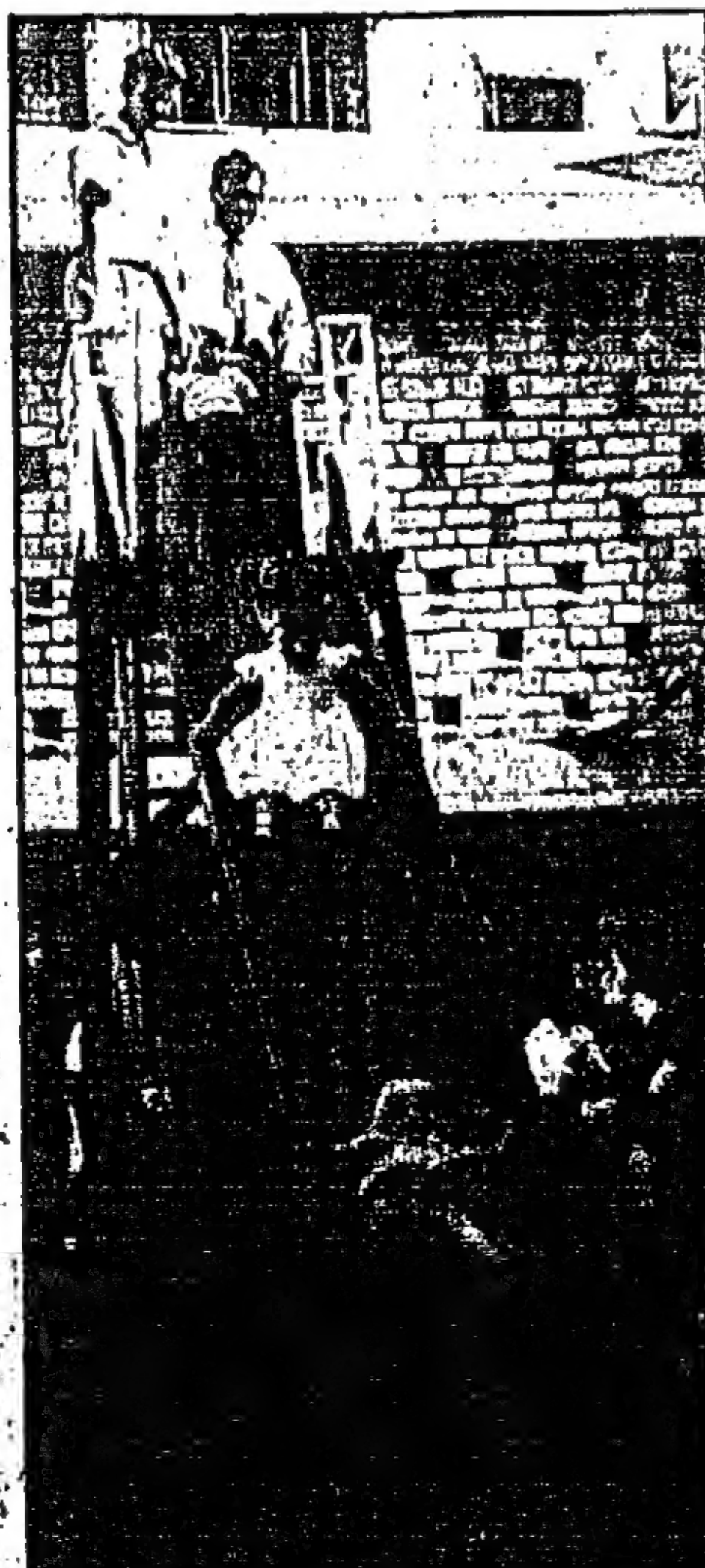


Winner of the China Mail Cup for the Festival of Arts Literary Competition . . . Mr G. B. Ramage.



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Down they come . . . at the Union Church Bazaar (left and below).

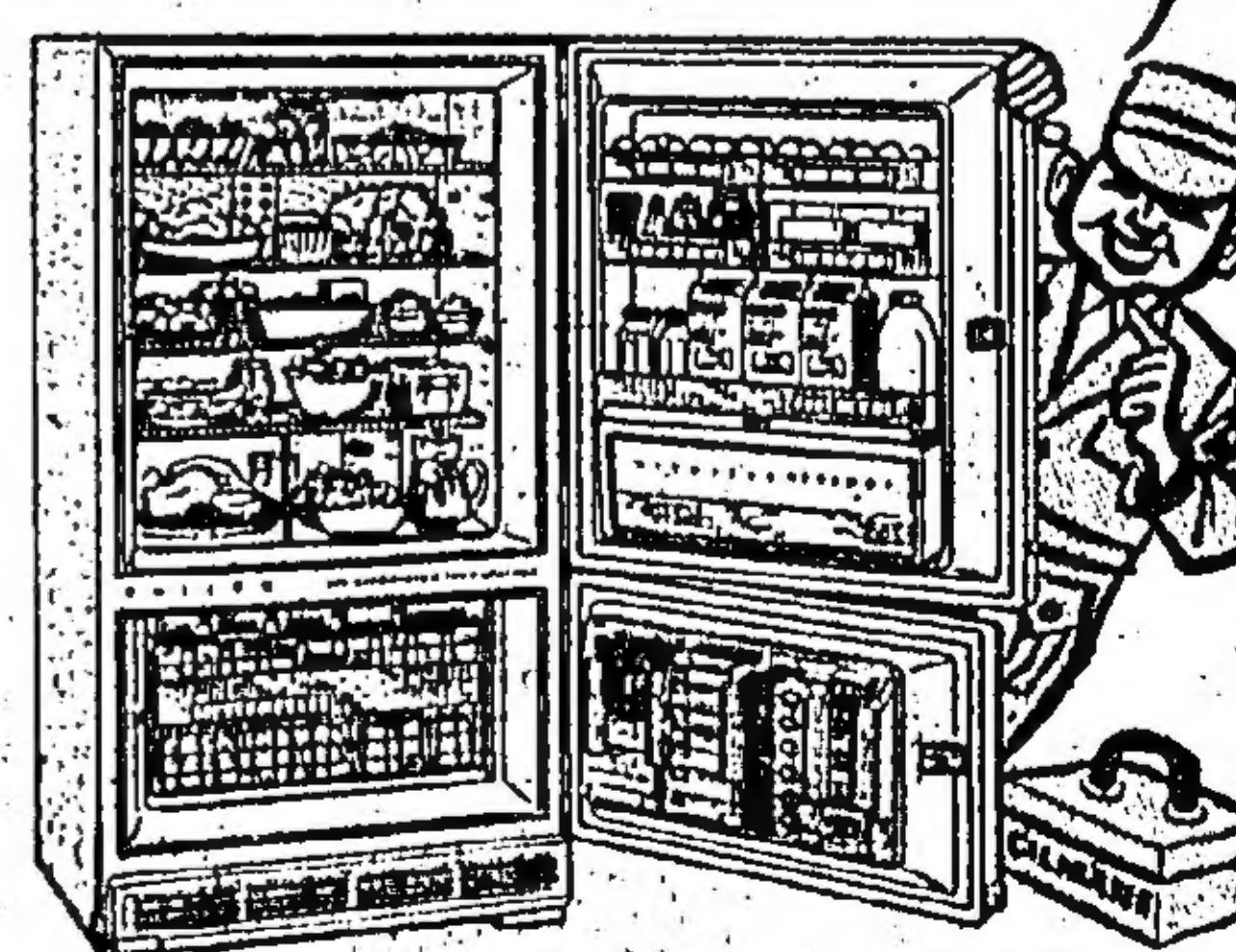
RIGHT: Spectators at the Victoria Park Swimming Pool for the Swimming finals of the Hongkong Schools' competitions.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



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The boat of drums and swish of saris at the American Women's Club. The Po Kok School are going through their paces.



Mr. F. T. Erroll, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade discusses his recent visit to China with Reuters correspondent Kayser Sung, before his departure (extreme right) for Britain.

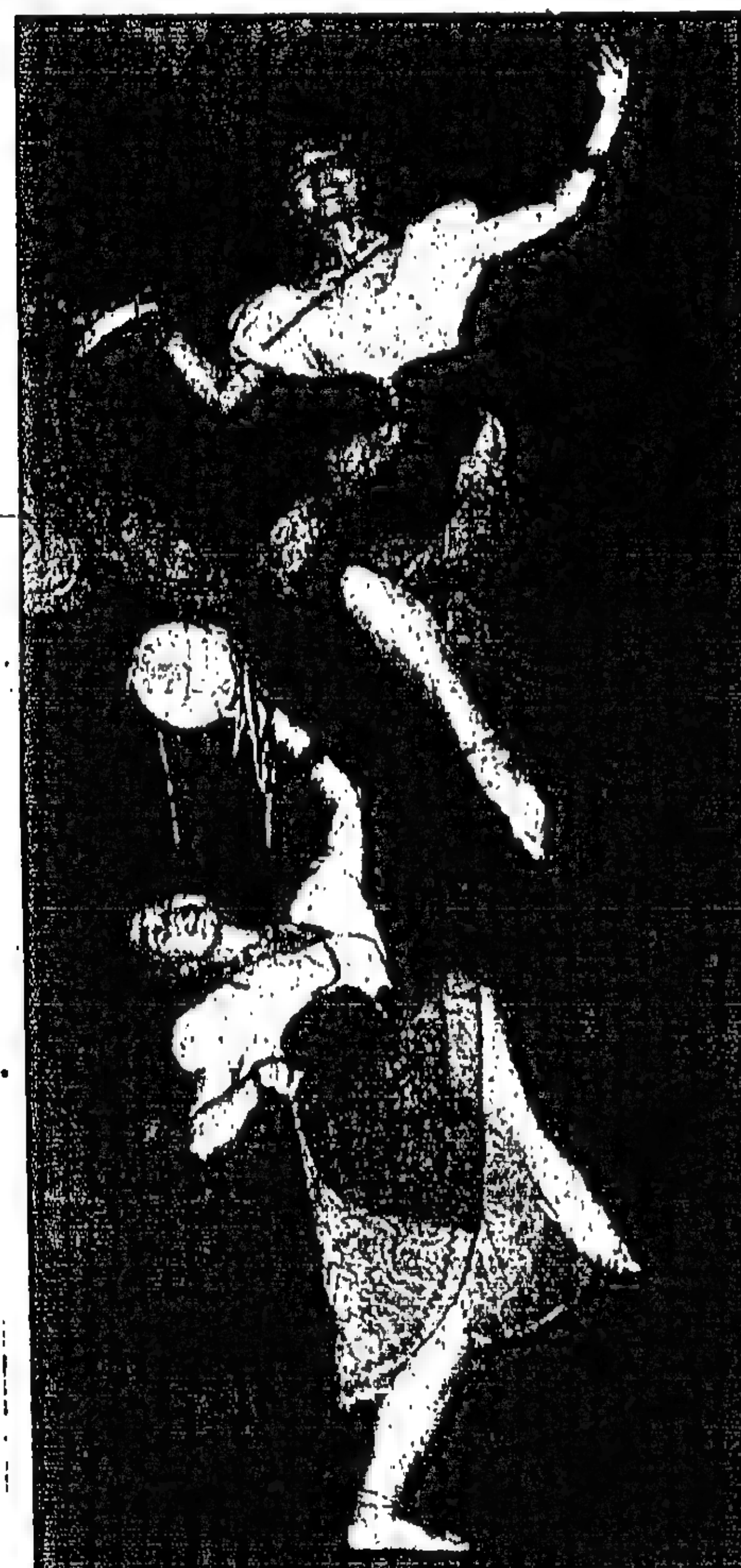


ART EXHIBITIONS The ribbon falls away as Lady Grantham opens an exhibition at Man Yee Building of the Lingnan Middle School.



Ball of the Lawn Bowls Association at the Peninsula Hotel, Mrs. Charles Terry hands out the prizes.

Staff Photographers



Sgt. Robert Cannons and Janet Birch, and bridesmaids Karin Jones and Susan Merrick at St. Andrew's.



At the RHKDF Dinner, Col Blaker and Major Botelho.



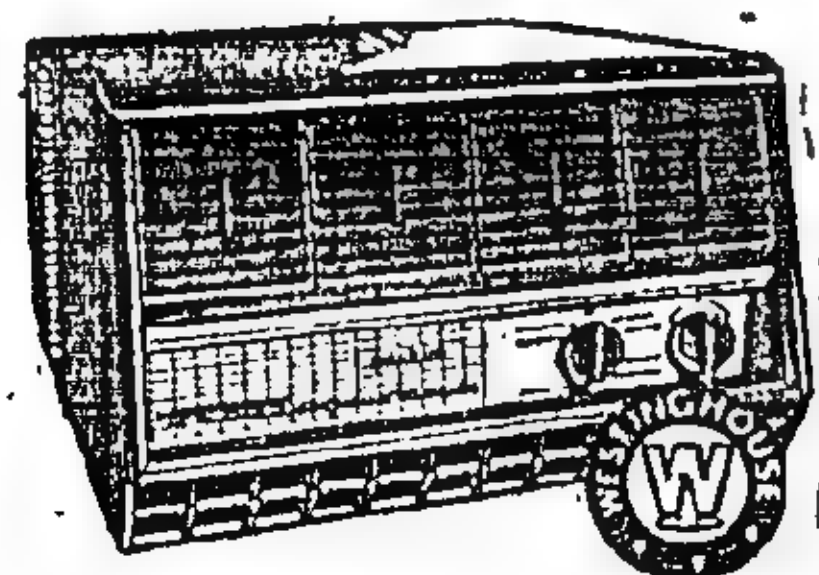
Group Capt. Smyth, Brigadiers Rido, Chalmers.



Rido, Rido, Hamilton, Braudo, Rido



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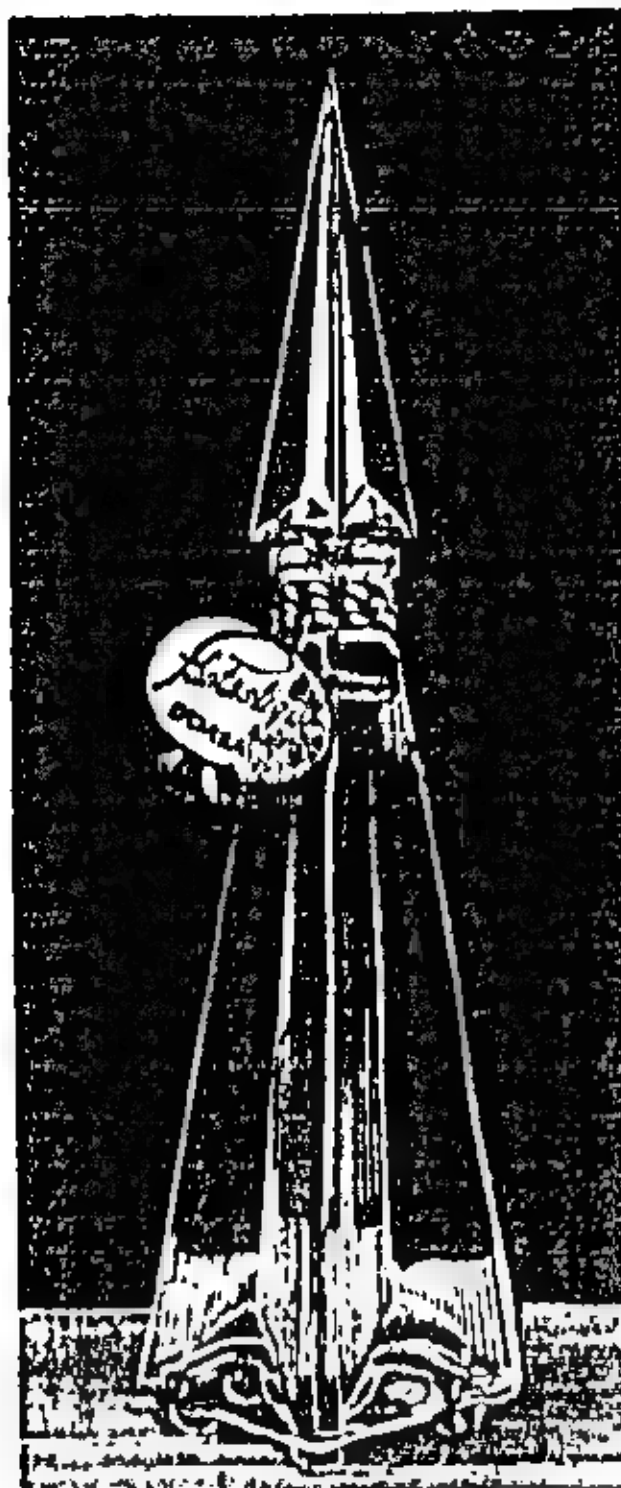
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Child's Patterned Cardigan In Two Colours

MATERIALS:

3 ozs. Sirdar Majestic
3-ply wool, White.
2 ozs. Sirdar Majestic
3-ply wool, Contrast Green.

1 pair each Nos. 11 and
12 knitting needles.
5 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length from top of
shoulder to lower edge 16".
Width all round at under-
arms: 28".

Length of sleeve seam:
12".

TENSION:

8 sts. to 1".

ABBREVIATIONS:

K.—knit, P.—purl, st.—
stitch, st. st.—stocking st.,
(1 row K and 1 row P.),
tog.—together, rep.—re-
peat, inc.—increase, W.—
white, C.—contrast.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and
K. wool, cast on 100 sts. and
work 10 rows in K.1, P.1. rib.
Change to No. 11 needles
and work 3 rows st. st., then
proceed with the pattern,
working throughout in st. st.

Inc. at both ends of the
next and every 6th row,
work the following sequence
of rows:—2C, 2W, 6C, 2W,
2C, 6W.

21st row: Knit: 5W, 2C. *
6W, 2C, rep. from * to the
last 5, 5W.

22nd row: Purl: 5W, 2C. *
6W, 2C, rep. from * to the 1st
5, 5W. Work 8 rows W. inc. at
both ends of the 3rd. (110 sts.)
These 28 rows complete one
pattern sequence. Keeping the
side edges straight, continue
until the 4th broad C. stripe
has been worked from com-
mencement.

Shape the Armholes:

Using W. wool, cast off 6 sts.
at the beginning of each of the

next 2 rows. Keeping the
pattern correct, K.2 tog. at
both ends of each of the follow-
ing rows until 84 sts. remain.
Continue without further shap-
ing until the 18th row of the
6th pattern from commence-
ment has been worked.

Shape the Shoulders:

Using all W. wool, cast off 9
sts. at the beginning of each of
the next 6 rows. Cast off re-
maining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and
W. wool cast on 60 sts. and
work 4 rows in K.1, P.1. rib.
then make the first buttonhole
as follows:

Next row: Rib 4, cast off 3,
rib to the end.

Next row: Rib to the last 4,
cast on 3, rib to end. Work 4
rows in rib.

Next row: Rib 10, slip these
10 sts. on to a safety-pin for
the present. Change to No. 11
needles and work 3 rows in
st. st. on the remaining 50 sts.

Proceed in pattern as for the
Back and inc. at the side edge
of the next and every 6th row
until there are 55sts. Continue
without further shaping until
the work measures exactly as
the Back to the armholes,
finishing at the front edge.

Shape the Front edge and the
Armhole:

1st row: Using W. wool, K.2
tog., K. to the end.

2nd row: Cast off 6, P. to
the end.

3rd row: Using C. wool, K.
to the last 2sts., K.2 tog.

4th row: P.2 tog., P. to the
end.

5th row: Using W. wool, K.
to the last 2 sts., K.2 tog.

6th row: P.2 tog., P. to the
end.

7th row: K.2 tog., K. to the
last 2 sts., K.2 tog.

8th row: P.2 tog., P. to the
end.

9th row: K. to the last 2 sts.,
K.2 tog.

Keeping the armhole edge
straight and working in correct
pattern, K.2 tog. at the front
edge of every 4th row follow-
ing until 27 sts. remain. Con-
tinue until the armhole

measures as the back, finishing
at the side edge.

Shape the Shoulder:

Cast off 9 sts. at the beginning
of the next and each of the two
alternate rows following.

LEFT FRONT

Work exactly to correspond
with the Right Front, reversing
all shapings and omitting the
buttonhole.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and W.
wool, cast on 56 sts. and work
in K.1., P.1. rib for 2 1/2".
Change to No. 11 needles, work
3 rows st. st. and then proceed
in pattern as for the back and
inc. at both ends of every 6th
row until there are 88 sts.
Continue without further shap-
ing until the 4th broad C. stripe
has been worked from com-
mencement.

Shape the Top:

Keeping the pattern correct,
cast off 2 st. at the beginning
of each of the next 2 rows and
then K.2 tog. at the beginning
of every row until 40 sts. re-
main. Cast off.

THE FRONT EDGINGS

RIGHT: Slip the 10 sts. from
the safety-pin to a No. 11
needle and proceed in rib
making a second buttonhole 2"
from the first. Make 3 more
buttonholes equidistant with
the first two and then continue
in rib until the strip is of suf-
ficient length to reach comfort-
ably up the front edge and
round the centre back of the
neck. Cast off.

LEFT: Work as for the right
front, omitting the buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts, taking care to
avoid the ribbing and using a
warm iron over a damp cloth
on the wrong side of the work.
Join the shoulder seams and
attach the front edgings in place,
joining at the centre back of
the neck.

Set in the sleeves, carefully
matching the pattern, then join
the side and sleeve seams.

Press all seams on the wrong
side and affix buttons to corre-

CROCHET BLOUSE

MATERIALS:

Coats Chain Mercer-
Crochet No. 20 (20 gms.).

13 balls selected colour.

Milwards steel crochet
hook No. 3. (Slack workers
could use a No. 3 1/2 hook
and tight workers a No.
2 1/2).

11 buttons.

Press stud.

TENSION:

7 patterns—2 in. (5 cm.),
12 dc and 12 rows—1 in.
(2.5 cm.).

MEASUREMENTS:

Bust: 36 in. (92 cm.).

Length from shoulder:
23 1/2 in. (59.6 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS:

Ch—chain, dc—double
crochet, tr—treble; dbl tr
—double treble; ss—slip-
stitch; sp—space; sts—
stitches.

DIRECTIONS

BACK

Commence with 72 ch.
1st Row: 1 tr into 4th ch
from hook, 1 tr into each ch,
3 ch, turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr, 1 tr
into each tr ending with 1 tr
into top of 3 ch, 6 ch, turn. (70
tr.).

3rd Row: 1 dbl tr into first
tr, * miss 2 tr, 1 dbl tr 2 ch
and 1 dbl tr into next tr; re-
peat from * ending with miss
2 tr, dbl tr 2 ch and 1 dbl tr
into top of 3 ch, 6 ch, turn.
(24 patterns).

4th Row: 1 dbl tr into first
dbl tr, * miss 2 ch sp, 1 dbl tr
2 ch and 1 dbl tr into next sp
between dbl trs; repeat from *
ending with 1 dbl tr 2 ch and
1 dbl tr into 4th of 6 ch, 3 ch,
turn. (25 patterns).

5th Row: * 2 tr into next sp,
1 tr between dbl trs; repeat
from * ending with 2 tr into
last sp, 1 tr into 4th of 6 ch,
140 ch.

6th Row: 1 tr into 4th ch
from hook, 1 tr into each ch, 1
tr into each tr working last tr
on top of 3 ch, 6 ch, turn. (220
tr.).

7th Row: As 3rd row ending
with miss 2 tr, 1 dbl tr on top
of 3 ch, 6 ch, turn.

8th Row: As 4th row. (74
patterns).

9th Row: * 2 tr into next sp,
1 tr between dbl trs; repeat
from * ending with 2 tr into
last sp, 1 tr into 4th of 6 ch,
3 ch, turn. (223 tr.).

10th Row: Miss first tr, 1 tr
into each tr working last tr on
top of 3 ch, 6 ch, turn.

Repeat last 4 rows 6 times
more (one pattern and 3 tr
more at end of each repeat)
turning with 4 ch on last row.
(241 tr.).

35th Row: Miss first 3 tr, 1
dbl tr 2 ch and 1 dbl tr into
next tr, continue in pattern
ending with miss 2 tr, 1 dbl tr
on top of 3 ch, 6 ch, turn.

36th Row: As 4th row work-
ing last dbl tr group between
last dbl tr and 4 ch, 3 ch, turn.

37th Row: As 9th row. (241
tr.).

38th Row: As 10th row turn-
ing with 4 ch.

Repeat last 4 rows 6 times
more.

63rd Row: As 35th row.

64th Row: As 4th row ending
with 1 dbl tr between last dbl
tr and 4 ch, 3 ch, turn. (a
decrease).

65th Row: As 9th row. (238
tr.).

66th Row: As 10th row turn-
ing with 4 ch.

Repeat last 4 rows 5 times
more. (3 tr less on each re-
peat).

Then repeat from 63rd to
65th row, once more omitting
turning ch on last row. Break
off thread.

80th Row: Miss 144 tr, join
thread in next tr, 3 ch, 1 tr
into each tr working last tr on
top of 3 ch, 4 ch, turn.

81st Row: As 35th row turn-
ing with 4 ch.

82nd Row: * Miss 2 ch sp,
1 dbl tr 2 ch and 1 dbl tr into
next sp; repeat from * ending
with 1-dbl tr between last dbl
tr and 4 ch, 3 ch, turn.



33rd Row: As 9th row work-
ing last tr between last dbl tr
and 4 ch, 3 ch, turn.

34th Row: As 10th row
omitting turning ch. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work same as Back for 34
rows omitting turning ch on
last row.

Neck Shaping.

35th Row: 1 ss into each of
first 4 sts, 3 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 tr
2 ch and 1 dbl tr into next tr,
miss 2 tr, 1 dbl tr 2 ch and 1
dbl tr into next tr, work in
pattern to end of row, 6 ch,
turn.

36th Row: Work 76 patterns,
(miss 1 pattern, 1 dbl tr be-
tween dbl trs) twice, turn.

37th Row: ss along to 2 ch
sp, 1 dc and 1 hlt tr into 2 ch
sp, 1 tr between dbl trs, 2 tr
into next sp, work in pattern
to end of row, 3 ch, turn.

38th Row: Work in pattern
working last tr into 4th tr from
end of row, 1 hlt tr into each
of next 2 tr, 1 dc into next tr,
turn.

39th Row: As 35th row.

40th Row: Work 72 patterns,
miss 1 pattern, 1 dbl tr between
last 2 dbl trs, turn.

41st Row: As 37th row.

42nd Row: Miss first tr, 1 tr
into each tr, 4 ch, turn.

43rd Row: Miss first 3 tr, 1
dbl tr 2 ch and 1 dbl tr into
next tr, work in pattern to end
of row, 6 ch, turn.

44th Row: Work in pattern
ending with 1 dbl tr between
last dbl tr and 4 ch.
Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work same as Right Front
but reverse when making up.
Join shoulder seams.

SLEEVE BANDS

Commence with 8 ch.
1st Row: 1 dc into 2nd ch
from hook, 1 dc into each ch, 1
ch, turn.

2nd Row: 1 dc into each dc,
1 ch, turn. (7 dc).

Continue working rows of dc
until band fits sleeve edge.
Work another band the same.
Sew bands to sleeve edges.
Join side seams.

FRONT BAND (RIGHT)

Commence with 10 ch.

Work as sleeve band for 1 1/2
in. (4.4 cm.). (15 dc).

1st Buttonhole: 1 dc into each
of first 5 dc, 6 ch, miss 5 dc, 1
dc into each of next 5 dc, 1 ch,
turn.

Next Row: 1 dc into each of
first 5 dc, 1 dc into each ch, 1
dc into each of next 5 dc, 1 ch,
turn.

Continue working band
having 10 more buttonholes and
having 1 1/2 in. (4.4 cm.) be-
tween each buttonhole.

When 11th buttonhole is com-
pleted, work 1 1/2 in. (4.4 cm.).
Fasten off.

Commence with 10 ch and
work Left Front Band for 2 1/2 in.
(5.3 cm.) omitting buttonholes.
Sew bands to edge of fronts.

COLLAR

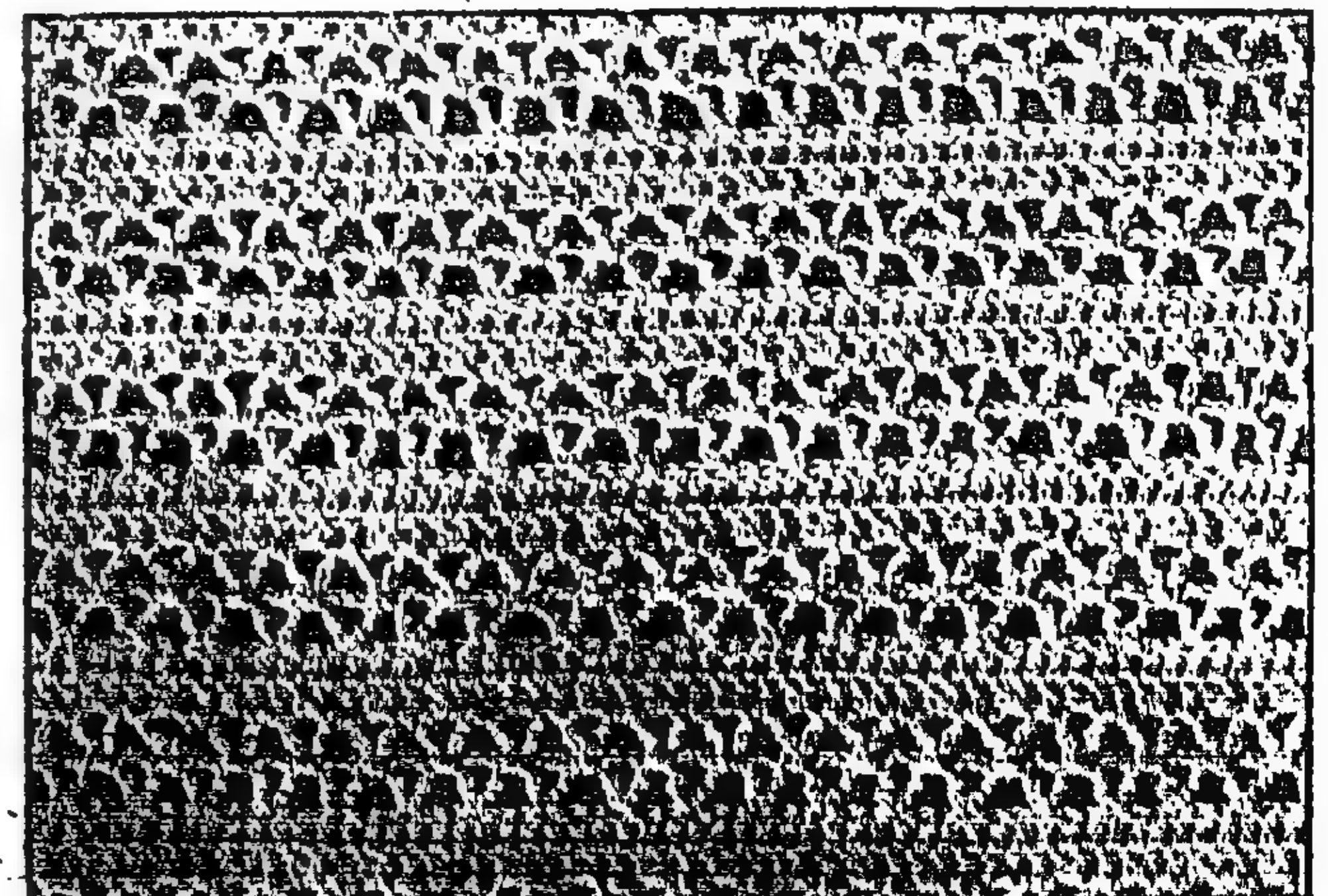
Commence with 25 ch.

Work as sleeve band for 1 1/2
in. (3.8 cm.). (24 dc).

Before attaching collar to
neck, work 1 row of dc along
back of neck working 2 dc into
each sp and 2 dc over each tr.
Sew collar to neck leaving front
bands free.

Damp and press.

Sew on buttons and press
stud.



AMERICAN AFTER THE BLEEP... the Changed Heart of a Nation

I GO BACK TO ROCKET BEACH

And find a group
of disappointed men
... angry men ...
but determined to
see the U.S. come
out on top



by **DON
IDDON**

Rocket Test Centre, Cocoa Beach, Florida.
THEY are now firing rockets at the big Test Centre here as if it were Guy Fawkes Day and July the Fourth rolled into one. They are shooting off their mouths even faster than they launch the missiles. Quite a change since I was last here five months ago. Then the military had little to say... "Orders from Washington. Top secret." Now the orders from Washington are obviously, "Tell the world, talk about what America is doing, bang the drum."

The Russian firing of an intercontinental ballistic missile and the Russian launching of a satellite into space have brought about this drastic reappraisal in policy and attitude.

I find the officers and the men no longer cocky and in "It's a cinch" mood. Many of them are bitter and some are worried by self-doubt, but at least they are out to make it known that they can fire the little ones.

Cocoa Beach, on Cape Canaveral, looks much the same as when I last saw it except that it's busier, but there has been a change of heart.

I drove in the hot sunshine into the town of Cocoa and saw the same huge red and black board-ing: "This is Cocoa, Gateway to the Launching Site of the Satellite." No one had written "What about the Sputnik?" or "Oh, yeah?" on the billboard.

'Looks silly'

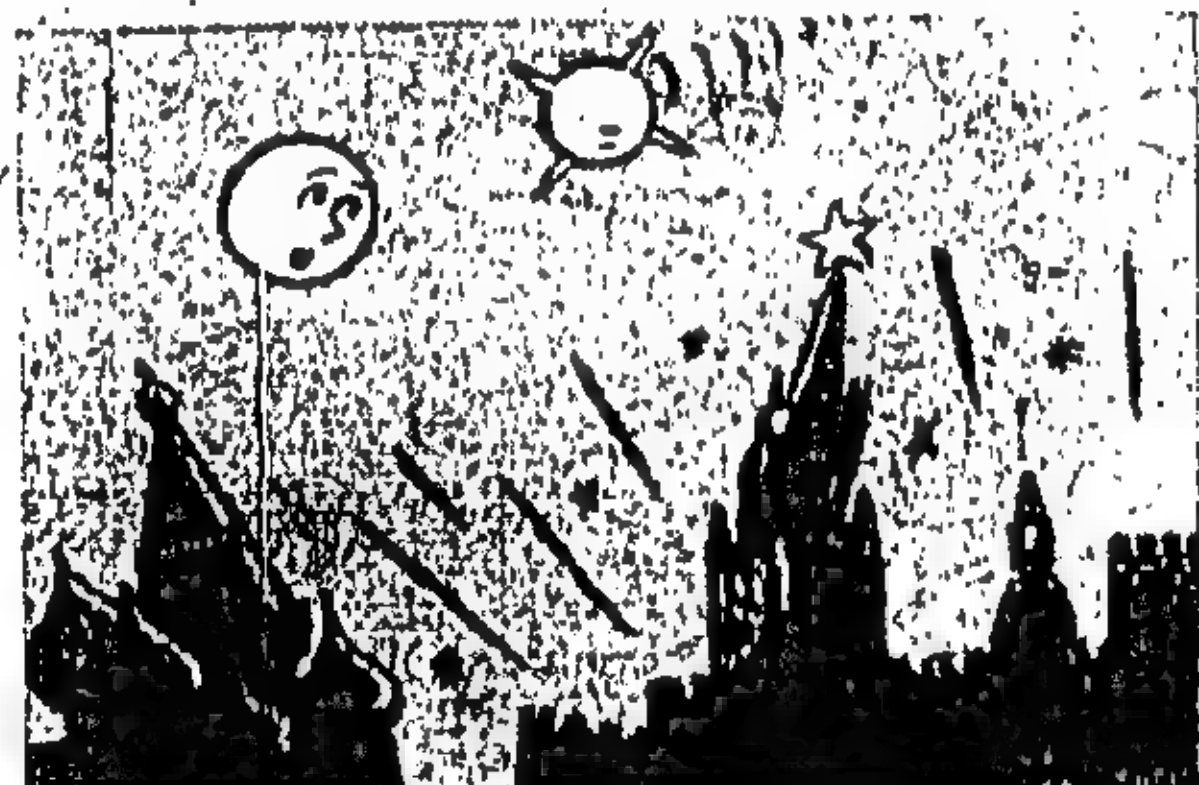
THE young sergeant with me said: "Looks a bit silly now, doesn't it? Shooting a line before you've actually done a thing is bad."

We went slowly past an immense wooden model of a trout painted blue and green, and another board-

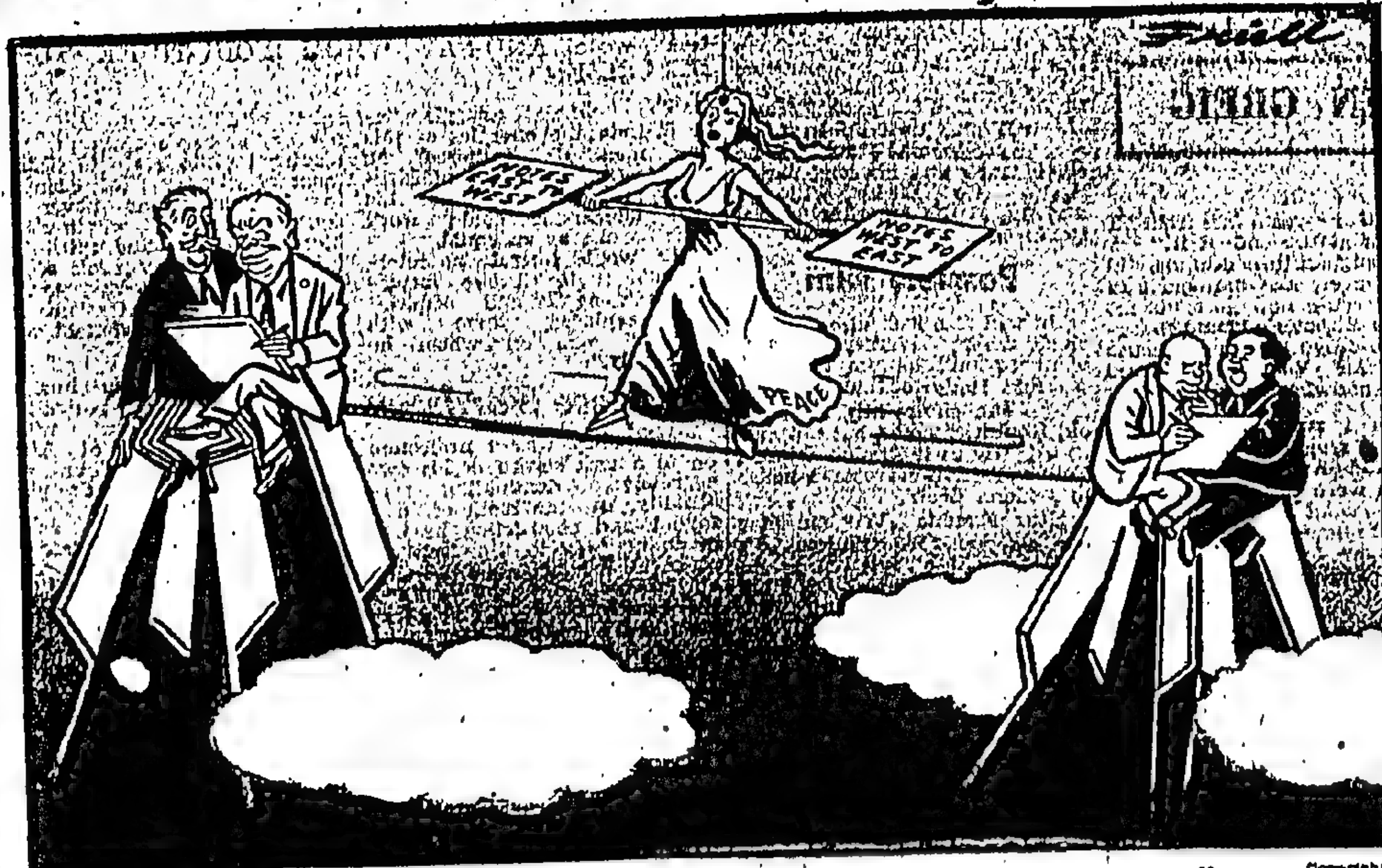
ing: "Cocoa, Fla. Cocoa, Trout Capital of the World." The sergeant, who was turning out to be a cynic, said: "Well, there's always the fish, even if we never do produce a satellite."

I said nothing until we reached the little town of Cocoa Beach and stopped at The Sea Missile Motel (heated swimming pool, air-conditioned rooms, cocktail bar) for a drink. The bar was crowded and most of the customers were Service men from St Patrick air base, where the rockets are fired.

I recognised a major I had met before. He said: "Back again? Plenty's happened since you were last here." I said: "Do you mean the Sputnik or the big rocket or the Stock Market?"



"Area's you glad you're up here out of it?"



"Now they're having rival summit talks to keep me on my toes."

In a warehouse in Alabama lay six genuine satellites—that could have been fired before the Russians launched the Sputnik

The major said: "The hell with the Stock Market, so they washed off the millions. Charlie Wilson [recently resigned Defence Secretary] might have been wonderful at General Motors, but he didn't know a rocket from a rattlesnake. And as for the feuds among the Services, why, they fought each other harder than they fought the Germans."

"It's politics all the way through. I like to have-

Disappointed

SOME other officers joined in: "Want to get court-martialed, Big Mouth?" and then a man in civilian clothes, a member of the many scientific teams here, said: "Did you know the army has had six satellites—little ones, but genuine satellites in a warehouse in Huntsville, Alabama, for months? We could have launched them, or, anyway, one of them, before the Russians."

Would have, should have—the words kept crop-

ping up. Here were a group of bitter men, disappointed with the politicians, disappointed with the President, and disappointed, perhaps, with themselves.

I left and drove to the Surf Restaurant, past the road gangs of colored convicts working listlessly under the guns of the Stetson-hatted guards; past the sprouting bungalows, lunch counters, hot-dog and hamburger stands; past the long line of motels

Were bitter

THE dining-room was crammed and here was a queue of about 30 people. The bar was three deep. I talked to one of the waiters. He said: "There's more money than ever since the Sputnik. They really are pouring in the dough. This place and plenty others are cleaning up."

I noticed that the prices had gone up since I was last in Cocoa Beach. The big boom has come to Missile Town. Here is one place where the people are not worrying about the cost of living unless it's the curious colony of long-haired, hippie artists who have settled here. The miss in missiles isn't worrying them. The price of paint and gin is.

I talked to a lot of people. The young were bitter. "It's Washington, not Moscow, that's made a monkey out of us. Eisenhower should never have run again. He's a sick man. He should have stayed with his golf. Anyway, we are catching up. We've fired some good ones lately."

The Americans have. During the past few days there has been some impressive firing. The Air Force rocket, Thor, with a 1,500-mile range, has been hitting the bull's-eye time after

time, and the Army Jupiter rocket, of similar range, has been lighting up the Florida sky and the long stretch of beach.

The new Defence Secretary, Neil McElroy, has said: "I want action or else. I'll provide the money—you provide the rockets." So things are humming here at Cocoa, and the scientists, the officers, the crews that man the launching pads are doing what St Patrick base calls "their damndest."

Their pride has been hurt by the Russian achievement, but they think they can catch up if there isn't another mess up in Washington. However, everyone is alarmingly vague about Atlas—the ultimate weapon which was supposed to travel at 16,000 miles an hour, 600 miles above the earth, and demolish its target 5,000 miles away.

Atlas so far has been a flop. It has hardly got off the ground, while the Russian Atlas infuriatingly has soared to the heavens and vanished into the Arctic wastes. This does not serve the Americans. It just makes them angry.

Gates Of Hell

CHIEF missile man, Major-General Bernard Adolf Schröter, is not a happy man today but neither is he a broken one. He accepts the Russian claims. He admits they are "damned good," but expects to overtake them.

With the help of British scientists? No one here knows much about that, but men such as Dr. Werner von Braun, Rocket Genius—he was responsible for the V2 which shattered British cities—says: "Of course, we need the British and everyone else we can get."

Von Braun now working hard for the U.S., is a pure scientist and obviously respects the Russians. He wishes he had done it first, but his confidence is undented. "Space flight will free man from his remaining chains, the chains of gravity which still tie him to this planet. It will open up to him the Gates of Heaven."

Or I might say the Gates of Hell.

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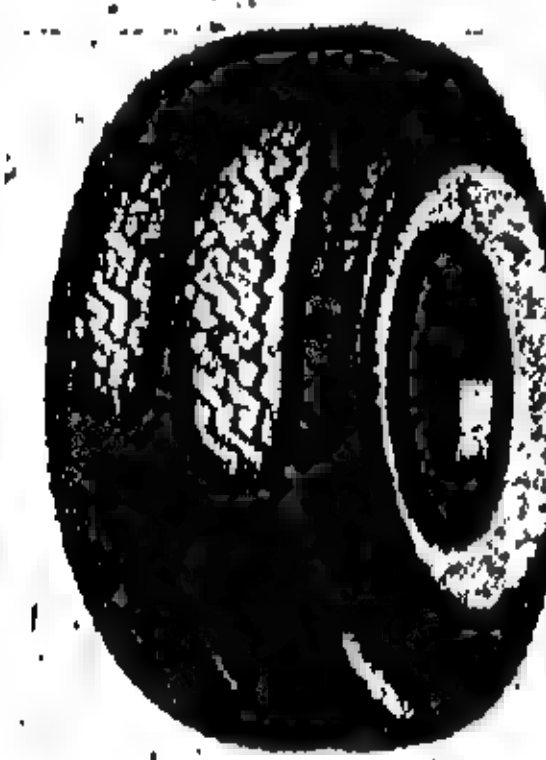
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CLIPPER CARGO

Mr. Vaughan (HE EARNS £1250 A WEEK) lunches on cheese sandwiches

FRANKIE VAUGHAN, the sweet smile of success on his lips, came out of the studio into the control room to hear a playback of the morning's recording session.

As he listened with his own fan-bitten ears to his own voice singing "You've Got to Have Something in the Tank, Frank," the smile broadened to a beam. For Frankie has plenty in the tank, thanks.

RECORD ROUND

by RAMSDEN GREIG

He then kissed, in turn and with feeling, the three Kaye Sisters who had accompanied him on the record. He smiled indulgently when one of them said: "I wouldn't have asked to be paid for this session if I'd

known there was a kiss from Mr. Vaughan at the end of it." Mr. Vaughan turned to me, and said that he would now go to lunch. In his £2,000 Plymouth Belvedere we drove to a public house where Mr. Vaughan ordered cheese sandwiches and light ale.

When I remarked that this seemed a trivial meal for a man who could afford to buy the very best, he said: "I don't know what people expect me to eat. Right now I feel like eating cheese sandwiches."

Right now I conservatively estimate the weekly Vaughan salary from records, TV, radio, music-halls and films at £1,250. Which is a lot of cheese sandwiches, and about 250 times as much as he was earning just eight income-tax returns ago as a commercial artist in Leeds.

Life is good

"I can't complain," he says. "Life has been good to me." Consider how good.

Eight years ago he came to London with £5 he had borrowed from his father, a Jewish upholsterer. He thought it would sustain him until he got a job as an artist. He was wrong.

"But before I went for the train home I called on a variety agent, told him I used to sing for the boys during Service social evenings and could he fix me up with an odd after-dinner do?" I wanted to pay the old man back his five."

The agent got him an engagement at a provincial music-hall. At a salary of £100 a week.

For Frankie Vaughan it was as easy as that. Within two years he was topping bills, singing on TV, signing record contracts and forming a group of fan clubs, the members of which know him as Mr. Moonlight.

This year Anna Neagle led him into a film studio and made a film star of him. Now his celebrated goo-goo eyes are turning in the direction

of America. He flies there in December to make personal appearances in connection with his film *The Dangerous Years*. He will also turn up in radio record programmes, and it is no coincidence that his long-player *Happy Go Lucky* will be arriving at the American record stores in December.

Possible film

He will also look in on Hollywood where Warner Brothers want to make a personal appearance in connection with a possible Hollywood film.

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home, but not half as brightly as it does on Frankie Vaughan's five-bedroomed house in London, N.W.

Hear Frankie Vaughan now on *Man on Fire* (Philips 78); at the end of this month on *You've Got to Have Something in the Tank*, Frank (Philips 78); in November on *Happy Go Lucky* (Philips 33), a selection of oldies that includes *Shine Boy*, *Happy Go Lucky*, *You're Driving Me Crazy* and *I'm Coming, Virginia*.

(London Express Service).

DO YOUR THINK YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

IN the year of the Alanbrooke canonade, at a time when General Kennedy's coming memoirs are about to raise the issue of Churchill's war role again, read these words AND SAY WHOM YOU THINK THEY DESCRIBE:—

"The whole struggle depended on the energies of this one man. He gathered all power—financial, administrative, and military—into his own hands. He could work with no one as an equal. He would tolerate no interference. He broke incompetent generals and admirals and replaced them with younger men on whom he could rely."

Or These Words:—

"His policy was a projection on to a vast screen of his own aggressive, dominating personality. In the teeth of disaster and obstruction he made his way to the foremost place in Parliament, and now at last fortune, courage, and the confidence of his countrymen had given him a stage on which his gifts could be displayed."

Or These:—

"To call into life and action the depressed and languid

Churchill wrote that description in the dark months of 1938 and 1939.

Picture those months as they looked to Churchill. He was out in the cold, rejected by his own party, unnoticed by the people.

Across the Channel he saw the German menace. Urgently Churchill set out to rally the people of Britain and America. His history was to sound the rallying cry. It was to show how we had cowed the tyrants in years past.

And so, alone at his home in Kent, Winston Churchill came to the story of William Pitt. In 1758 Britain had been brought to near-ruin by the rule of waverers and cowards.

Transformed

Everywhere feudal France threatened our survival. Then William Pitt, long rejected, was called to power at last.

Everything was transformed. Everywhere Pitt's fierce drives went out to the generals. The French were smashed on the Continent. The Dutch were followed by Olive in India. Wolfe captured Quebec.

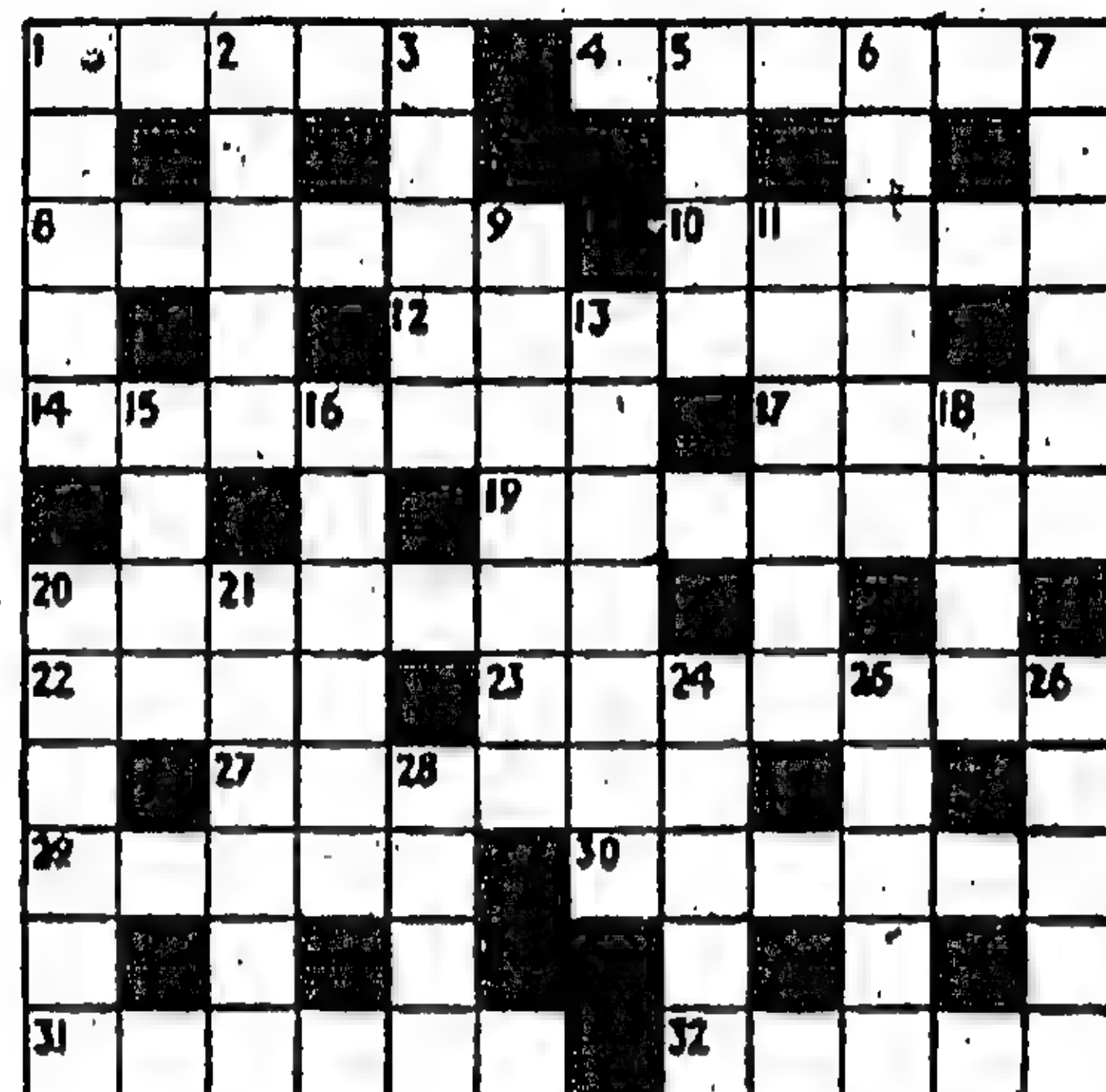
How infinitely stirring to think of Churchill in the dark days looking back to Pitt's example. And how ironic to realise that not even Churchill could have seen then that within months he would eclipse that example himself.

Other new books

● **THE SHADOW OF TIME**, by Christopher Langdon. A novel with a grim topical theme—the search for a missing little girl. But what is unendurable in real life becomes fascinating in this taut, tense piece of fiction. Author Langdon has also written *Ice-Cold in Alex*, shortly to be filmed. He once was a stockbroker. But whatever happens to the Bank rate his novels are a shrewd investment. (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.)

● **THE AMAZING WORLD OF JOHN SCARNE**, by John Scarne. The startling life-history of the famous American card-trickster and gambler. Even if your local whist-drive bans card-palming, you can read the chapters on loading dice and become the terror of the family ludo-board. (Constable, 35s.)

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- Headless spectre? (5).
 - A real fight (6).
 - Ready for the plough (9).
 - Threw out (8).
 - Punished in a theatre? (7).
 - Carry on alarmingly (4).
 - Blooming hiker (7).
 - Messengers for fainting (7).
 - Prepare a paper (4).
 - Under the fruit-tree it's just five (7).
 - Pull it in the middle! (6).
 - May be grand or comic (15).
 - Pistol-bomb (6).
 - Antenna (6).
 - Art supporter (9).
- DOWN
- Splendid, but not upright (5).
 - Egg-shaped (6).
 - Cal-walk? (5).
 - Not a lucky sign? (4).
 - Like a newly-wed? (6).
 - One can't go beyond the end of it (6).
 - Triumph (7).
 - Much the same as oral (6).
 - Scrambling away (7).
 - Was sorry (4).
 - Red dog? (6).
 - Microbe (4).
 - Mate a bit with the girls (3, 3).
 - This creed is well-known (6).
 - Should one give her a ring? (5).
 - Improbable (6).
 - Praise (5).
 - Pace in the neck! (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1. Scorching, 2. Plan, 3. Mathless, 11. Restored, 12. Cello, 13. Stoverman, 14. Sinner, 15. Gray, 16. Minorities, 17. Prisoner, 18. Rain, 19. Stinner, 20. Sedan, 21. Enter, 22. Legs, 23. Mink, 24. Needs, 25. Rodeo, 26. Mole, 27. Mole, 28. Mole, 29. Mole, 30. Mole, 31. Mole, 32. Mole.

FICTION SHELF By Harold M. Harris

● **A CHOICE OF ENEMIES**, by Mordcahai Richler. Deutsch, 13s. 6d.—Do they exist—the colony of fugitives from the Committee for an American Republic, leading a shut-off, unrequited life of their own in London? Richler makes them real. Into the stagnant pool, he drops another kind of refugee—a not so juvenile delinquent from Eastern Germany. The ripples spread out in an intricate, brilliantly contrived pattern of despair, failure, conflicting loyalties, suicide. A witty, heartless novel with an acid tang.

● **THE SWORD OF PLEASURE**, by Peter Green. Murray, 10s.—A scholarly, painstaking reconstruction of ancient Rome and the brutal career of the reactionary dictator Sulla. Written as an autobiography. (L. Lucius, Cornhill, 13s. 6d.)

... It allows the dying tyrant to give a convincing account of his military campaigns, but not, for all his eloquence, to justify the cruel oppression that made him notorious to generations of schoolboys.

● **THE BIG STOREY**, by Morris West. Heinemann, 13s. 6d.—For Richard Ashley, American newspaperman in Sorrento, the big story is the exposure of the Duke of Orangetta, disreputable Italian nobleman and corrupt politician. To get proof, Ashley strong-arms his way through an aristocratic underworld of unscrupulous men and betrayed women, not to mention a couple of corpses. A gripping tale that Washington has decided to publish. (L. Lucius, Cornhill, 13s. 6d.)

—The subject is distasteful—the pursuit and seduction of a 14-year-old Australian schoolboy by a sophisticated, thrice-married widow of 41. But handled with straightforward fact, it becomes a moving study of adolescence, rather than an inquiry into the lady's state of mind.

● **PARTLY SUBMERGED**, by Ben Masselink. Methuen, 13s. 6d.—Short stories—some gay, some dramatic, some sentimental—set on Pacific islands and beaches. In the longest and best, enough material for a full-length novel, is compressed into 60 pages: a delightful tale of four schoolboys who set up a republic on a barren island off the Californian coast; and think that Washington has decided to publish. (L. Lucius, Cornhill, 13s. 6d.)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Operation Broomstick

BY HARRY WEINERT



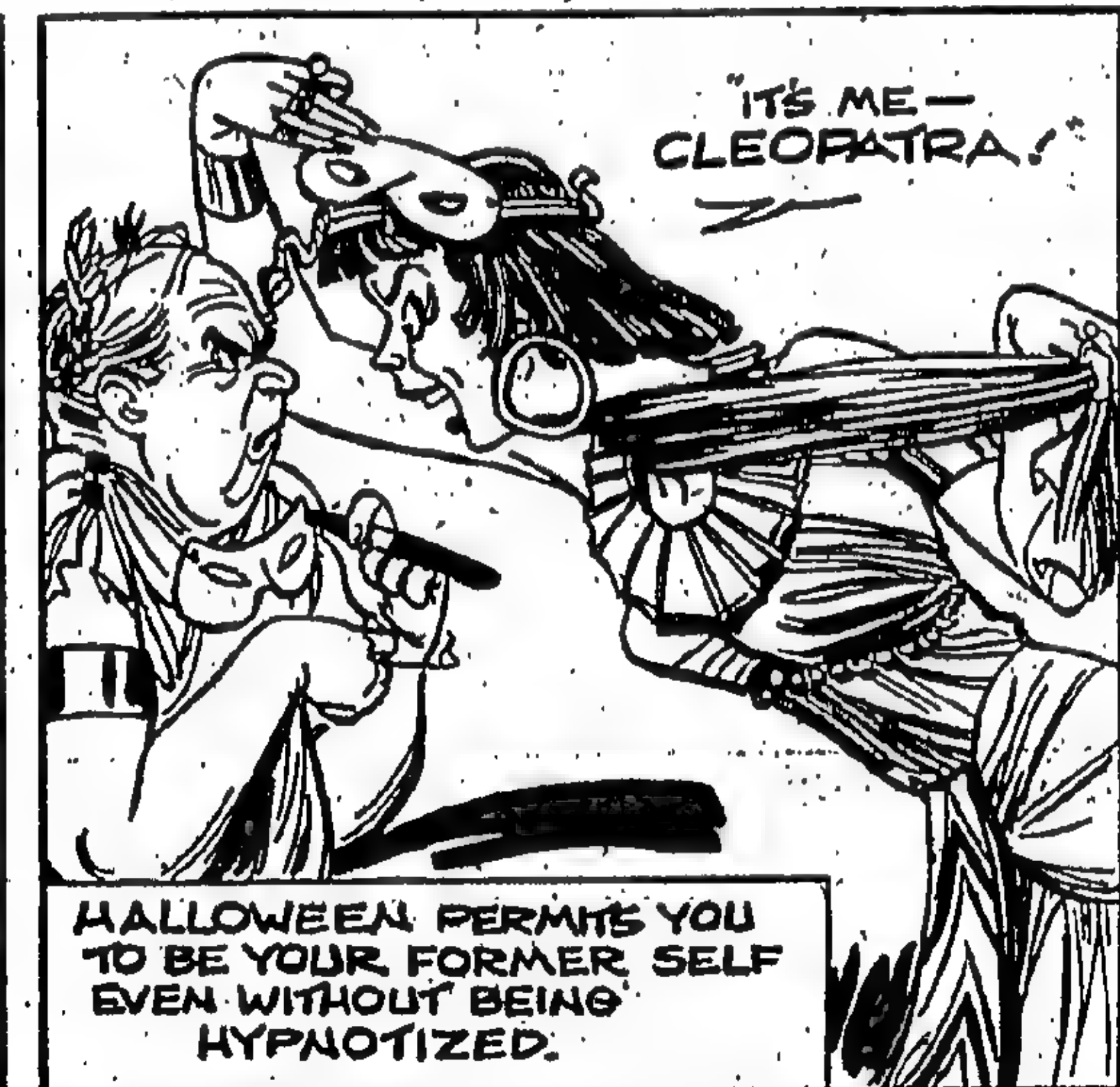
THAT'S A DANGEROUS QUESTION—SHE'S SURE TO STICK TO THE SCRIPT AND SUGGEST BLUEBEARD OR SIMPLE SIMON.



THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF WEIRD CREATURES ABROAD.



WISE GUY



WHERE'S THE FIRE?



WAS

Two Innocents In New York

THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE. By John Cheever. Gollancz, 15s. 301 pages.

THIS is a charming, "different" American novel. Charming is the operative word, for to charm is its main intention, and if it succeeds in worlding that charm with you, nothing else matters. It is plumped out with ripe characters and bizarre incidents. There's not exactly a story, for it is, as the title says, a chronicle, in other words a haphazard meander through the doings of a quaint family.

The Wapshots are a loony lot who inhabit St Botolph's, a decaying inland port in New England. They have been there a long time and decayed a long time.

Head of the family is crazy old aunt Honora who lives by herself in a large house in a remote corner of the town, and has the money. She has willed it to Moses and Coverly, the sons of her impecunious brother, Leander, who runs that old pleasure boat that plies down the river and across the estuary to the fair-ground resort on the other side.

A cranky, salty old character this one, who keeps a journal mostly in monosyllables and has a wise and earthy view of life.

These two sons of his, Moses and Coverly, are willed the money on the sole condition that they begot male heirs. Moses is the man of action and Coverly the artistic one, and they spend their childhood fishing and visiting the country fairs and getting prematurely excited about the naked girls there and enjoying the rhythm of the changing seasons and sniffing the fog of the estuary and the fine scent of sorrel and roses and rue and ferns, and feeling the sap rising in their loins.

When that really happens, they go out into the great wide world of Washington and New York, respectively, to get themselves their sons and the fortunes that go with them.

Mistakes
You might think, mightn't you, that all this was happening a long, long time ago? But no, it is present-day Washington, present-day New York that our two hayseeds set out to conquer. They are innocents abroad, and terrible but touching (and of course charming) are the mistakes they make in the great cities.

Coverly settles in the end for an ingenious blonde who accompanies him to the ghastly atomic energy stations. He is attached to, and hating, their barrenness, loves him and leaves him, but returns at last to give him that son.

Moses has picked up with the dark and beautiful Melissa, the orphaned ward of the widow of a five and ten cent millionaire.

This widow, Justina, lords it now over a decaying castle of 100 rooms filled with fairs, and she keeps Melissa and Moses in different wings, so he has to climb over the roofs in his skin to visit her, nights.

Melissa is a clouded girl, and Moses who is bursting with the fertility of his country upbringing can hardly stand it when she turns all puritan and pure. Luckily after marriage she turns back again, and the baby comes and it is a boy, so that's all right.

Meanwhile, back at St Botolph's—the father, Leander, has founded that old boat of his which leaves him—very sad and useless-seeming—but he writes his sons many a letter of sage and soxy advice before he passes to his fathers, and Coverly (the artistic one, you remember) reads Cheever's famous speech by request over his ashes.

This is quite a change, then, from the average current American novel with its sordid realism. Not that this one isn't sordid too, but in a healthy, outdoor, quaintly natural way. If you know what I mean. And it has got charm, boy of it.

RICHARD LISTER

(London Express Service)

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

THIRD RACE MEETING
Saturday, 9th and Monday, 11th November 1957
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on the 1st Day.

On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon. The 15th interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from 11.30 a.m. to 1.00 p.m. (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$30.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the 1st Day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 8th November will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Almeida Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the 1st Day and 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 25th January, 1958, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Another Barrage Of Complaints

The HKFA Must Tackle The Pressing Problem Of Poor Refereeing Now!!!

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The Hongkong Football Association has cause for concern. It has several pressing problems on its plate. These problems touch on soccer politics, on chronic domestic intrigue . . . but, as far as the ordinary spectators are concerned — and certainly as far as many club officials are concerned — the greatest single tribulation is the astonishing paucity of refereeing in our game at the present time.

Not since Jack Kearney's infamous 'no offside' decision when Djurgarden visited us in 1953, or Referee Roberts' equally infamous 'after-the-whistle' ruling during the KMB-Army Senior Shield game in the same season, has there been such a general outcry against a soccer referee as there has been against the man who handled the South China-Army League match at Caroline Hill last Sunday.

Chinese and non-Chinese spectators alike have been both open and bitter in their criticism and there is little doubt that some of the vital decisions — particularly those which led to the Army losing the second and third goals — have touched off another barrage of complaints about the whole vexing question of game control in the Colony.

I have now had opportunity to discuss this particular game and its controversial decisions, with some of the people who were closely connected with it. In every case I have heard harsh criticism of the referee's work.

There is surely little doubt now that the second South China goal was pushed in with a hand or that the weight of public opinion is almost completely in line with the idea that when the spot kick was awarded Cawley, the Army centre-half made no effort whatsoever to 'fool' the ball which Wong Chi-keung drove straight at him.

Penalty Kick Law

It is undeniable of course that the ball struck Cawley's hand . . . but that is neither the intention nor the implied spirit in the penalty kick law. Neither is it in keeping with the whole essence of sportsmanship that a player should be penalised when an opponent drives the ball against his hand from a distance of a couple of yards!

The Army players and officials had every right to feel aggrieved. They had every right also to consider they were more than a bit unlucky to lose two goals in the result of two confidence-shattering decisions . . . but I know that the team officials were even more disturbed at the explanations made to them later by the referee.

I am informed by the manager of the Army team that in conversation with the referee about the second goal the man with the whistle admitted that the ball had been handled by a South China player on its way to the net . . . but he said he allowed the score because it had been illegally handled by an Army player a split second earlier! What a strange advantage rule that is.

Incidentally the pictorial evidence shows all too clearly that the South China winger did in fact punch the ball while lying on the ground.

Comment in Chinese football circles has also been extremely critical of the work of the referee and while the facts of the second and third goals have been freely discussed the criticism has gone further. Many Chinese enthusiasts have openly expressed their views that, quite apart from his

me that, while both teams were equally to blame for what took place, the real culprit was the man with the whistle who was so deplorably weak in his handling of the game that it got right out of hand.

It would be wrong — dreadfully wrong — to believe that the current refereeing worries are confined to the First Division. Some of what is being passed off in the lower divisions is really too bad to be true and anyone who doubts the accuracy of that comment should spend some time at a few of the junior games that take place particularly those at the Valley.

I understand that the second half of one game last week lasted only 25 minutes instead of the 35 minutes laid down for junior matches. The short time was pointed out to the referee by an official on the spot but no effort was made by the man with the whistle to correct his error.

Old Argument

There is no doubt that the soldiers played the game hard. Similarly there is no doubt that they had a lot of free kicks awarded against them and I confess I felt the man in charge might have steadied them a bit . . . BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE THIS ASPECT OF THE REFEREEING HAD THE SAME INFLUENCE ON THE DECISIONS SURROUNDING THE SECOND AND THIRD GOALS.

While the referee was proving himself the centre of controversy at Caroline Hill the Royal Air Force were battling it out with Jardines on the Police Stadium at Boundary Street.

I use the word battling advisedly for, according to a colleague who watched the game, it was the most revolting soccer spectacle he had seen in a long time.

Apparently spectators were treated to every foul in and out of the book and several players in both teams were fortunate indeed they did not receive their marching orders.

Out Of Hand

I try never to comment on games I have not watched personally but my colleague tells

Constructive Effort

There is certainly plenty for the Hongkong Football Association to do in a constructive effort to improve the standard of refereeing in Colony football . . . but I believe that there is a great deal more some of our referees can do for themselves.

The Referees' Association must tackle the whole problem in a logical straightforward way, ignoring past or glamourised reputations and concentrating directly on bettering the performances of all its members when they are appointed to handle a game . . . and it matters not whether the member is a First class or a Third class referee . . . or whether he is given charge of an important senior game or the most humble junior one.

Refereeing is the most pertinent single problem facing the HKFA at the present time. In comparison with it all the others can wait a little longer . . . but unless something is done about the current standard of match control the game will deteriorate to such an extent in public appeal that it will hardly be worth worrying about the others. It is as serious as that.

SPORTS QUIZ

- Who are the present holders of the World Soccer Cup?
- Who has succeeded Sir Gordon Richards as Britain's Champion Jockey?
- What are the surnames of these famous cricketers—W. G.—, C. B.—, G. O.—?
- Who is the odd man out—Woodfull, Gregory, Bradman, Johnson?
- What world title has been held by Mikhail Botvinnik?
- There have been five coloured heavy weight boxing Champions of the World. Name any three?
- In what sports do you have—(a) a caddy (b) a bull-boy (c) a long-skip?
- How often is the Wightman Cup lawn tennis contest held?
- Who won both the 100 metres and the long jump in the 1936 Olympic Games?
- What's the name: "Weighed 22 lbs. at birth, joined circus as a boy, became a champion wrestler?"

(Answers See Page 17.)

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 4th Race Meeting 1957/58 to be held on Saturday 23rd and Sunday 30th November, 1957, (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Wednesday, 13th November, 1957.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

ENFORCED CHANGES A BLESSING IN DISGUISE FOR THE ARMY TEAM

Says ARCHIE QUICK

Enforced changes were a blessing in disguise for the Army representative soccer eleven in their annual match with Aston Villa at Villa Park recently. The Army made seven alterations from programme. Outside left Cliff Jones was with the Welsh team to play the International against England at Cardiff. Bill Curry was leading the England "Under 23" team against Rumania at Wembley.

In addition to these two stars of Swansea and Newcastle, Billy Charlton (Manchester United) was reserve for the "Under 23s," Don Whelan (Blackburn Rovers), George Spiers (Reading) and Joe Melia (Liverpool) were all injured, and Brian Harris was playing a League match for Everton against Arsenal.

What was the result? The Army fielded as attractive an eleven as any for a long while. True they were beaten 4-3, but the score does not tell the true story. Villa got a shock goal in 30 seconds and then hit an upright in a minute. In both times Irish International outside left Peter McParland—they were enabled to equidize in the second half through the agency of an "own goal" by Army centre-half Capt. Ferguson (Corinthian Casuals) and then luckily won the match with two goals in the last five minutes. Their superior training told in the end. Hitchens also hit a post.

Utility Forward

No 1 discovery for the Army was that they have a ready-made left wing in Ron Newman, Portsmouth's spiky-haired utility forward and Gerry Hitchens,

the versatile Cardiff City forward who was such a prolific scorer on the FA's ill-fated South African tour. In the face of such brilliance even Jones and Melia should not displace them.

Their combination and first line shooting were the envy of several club managers, Aston Villa's Eric Houghton among them. If often pays to play good clubmen instead of international stars. By a coincidence it was Newman's play last Easter which kept Portsmouth in the First Division at the expense of Hitchens' Cardiff!

No 2 Army discovery was Pat Robinson, of Bury. Really he is a winger, but he played a most intelligent game at inside right. Then there was Doug Nelson, of West Ham, who shaped very much like his clubmate, Johnny Bond, who also used to fill the Army left back position. Taylor, too, reserve Fulham centre forward, short but energetic and dangerous.

First Time

So it went on. The Army threw in a hotch-potch of geese and they turned out to be swans. Only stamina beat them.

It will be a long while, I expect, before I see two better taken goals than those by Robinson and Newman. They cracked the ball first time as it came to them, and well as he played, ex-Army goalkeeper Nigel Sims did not see either. Moreover, if I had been Referee Dennis Howell, the League's only official who is a Member of Parliament, I would have given the Army two more goals and not ruled them offside. They were played "on" by defenders.

This is the first of these annual encounters to be played in Birmingham for many years; they usually take place at Aldershot.

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FOR FIRST TIME IN HONG KONG . . .

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3 MINUTES DAILY

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DODGERS PLAY SAINTS TOMORROW

Then Annual Camps Take Their Toll Of The Major League Stars

By "TIME OUT"

Every year about this time the loyal supporters of Colony softball find little opportunity to exercise their vocal chords as the annual "Camps" take their toll of star players of softball's top teams in the Senior Division. Some very unappetising fare will be dished out for the next three or four weeks to only teams in the lower section of the League table will be seen in action.

This year the same situation prevails, except that before the lull sets in followers of the sport will derive some consolation from watching the last "big game" for some time to come. Fred Diesta's fiery P.I. Dodgers clash with the mighty Saints tomorrow afternoon at 3.30 p.m. in a Senior League match that promises to be a real thriller from the moment the first strike is tossed.

The Junior League this year has more than fulfilled its early promise as intense rivalry has marked every game played off so far. The week-end Junior programme gets off to a start when in the only game down for decision today, the P.I. Dodgers cross bats with the War Eagles. In view of their fine showing last week against the more heavily favoured Chyennes the Dodgers start as favourites and should have the full measure of the opposition.

One wonders just what has happened to Lau Man-long, the War Eagles' moundman who only last year pitched a no-hitter in the Junior League but has yet this year to show the form he is capable of.

Tomorrow's proceedings open with two games at 10.00 a.m. At the "A" ground the ladies' game between the University and CAA should attract a fair number of die-hard fans with time on their hands. Both have yet to register their first win.

New To The Game

The University have had some playing experience while the Athletics are new to the game. Barring accidents, the University should break into the "Win" column tomorrow. At the other end of the field, the Chyennes take on South China in a Junior League game.

Manager Robert Remedios of the Chyennes will not easily forget that it was the same Nam Wah squad that nearly upset his team last year. The drummy Chyennes need a pep talk from coach Joey Franco to put some life into them. If the Chyennes can overcome the tendency to make a spectacular last-minute rally, as has been their habit in recent games they should easily account for the Carolinians who have yet to win a game this season.

At 11.30 a.m. the Hongkong University boys will be trying for a double. They meet bottom-of-the-League Wah Ying. The University boys, notably coached by old creek Bill Silva, have shown vast improvement in their play lately. Wah Ying with 63 runs against them in just four games start as underdogs. An upset is absolutely out of the question. No matter how many runs are scored against them the Wah Ying fall to be discouraged and theirs is the right spirit.

There will be plenty of excitement later on in the day when two Senior League games are played off. In the first, at 2.00 p.m., D. S. Ling's Pandas clash with the U.S. Navy. The

Pandas boast some very big names in their line-up but the odds are not expected to show any respect for reputations. The Navy teams that have been seen in action this season play a brand of softball worthy of the Junior League. They live up to the game with their talk but they fail to appreciate that runs win ball-games. The Pandas will be out to make friends for their unexpected defeat at the hands of CAA last week. Much will depend on Jackie Wei's form on the mound. The Navy are not given much of a chance to produce upset number two.

The Best Game

The best game of the day and a fitting finale to the week-end schedule features Fred Diesta's P.I. Dodgers and Blimbi Abiong's champions Saints. Very little was expected of the Dodgers in their first season in Senior softball but Diesta surprised everyone by signing on veterans Vic Pedruco, Guterres and Budji Dhanther—a trio that can easily away any game in the Dodgers' favour. Not to be outdone, Abiong has signed on the base-stealer supreme, Arthur Ozorio.

With two of his star infielders away at camp, Diesta will probably reshuffle his infield completely. The battery will be Pedruco and Sonny Azevedo. The infield line-up is a problem as Diesta has quite a few reliable youngsters to pick from. The outfield, however, will be well served by Dhanther.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Germany.
2. Doug Smith.
3. Grace; Fry; Allen.
4. Gregory. All the others were Australian cricket captains.
5. World Chess Championship.
6. Jack Johnson; Joe Louis; Ezzard Charles; Jersey Joe Walcott; Floyd Patterson.
7. (a) Golf (b) Tennis (c) Cricket.
8. Once a year.
9. Jesse Owens.
10. Primo Carnaro.

at left, Guterres at centre and probably Arthur Britto at right. For the Joys, Salleh and Sherry Bucks will probably start off. Dave Leonard at first, Art Ozorio at second, newcomer P. C. Wong at short and the incomparable Benny Omar at the hot corner will comprise the inner line of defence. The feet-footed trio of Wene Xavier, batting champ L. C. Poon and one of the small brothers will do duty in the outfield.

Both sides boast some talents on the base-paths but the outcome of this game will hinge on the respective performances of both pitchers. Pedruco has one of the fastest balls in the business and any attempt to bunt against him is softball suicide. As for Salleh he is steadiness personified, but who wouldn't be with a million-dollar defence, such as the Saints boast, behind him?

The champions are favoured to keep their 100 per cent record intact if only by virtue of their staying cool, calm and collected under pressure—a thing that cannot be said of the fiery Dodgers. Diesta's boys must be quick to grab every opportunity coming their way and must be conceded a 50-50 chance to topple the League leaders.

Fairly Strong

The Club "B" XV on the other hand is right up against it this week, for the Navy now has a plethora of ships for a change and has its tourists available again. The result will be a strong Navy XV with a heavy pack and a fast set of attacking three's, while Club "B" are weak in defence on one wing. The Club "B" pack is fairly strong but "show off the mark in the lineouts, though their wing forwards could be a definite danger in the loose.

Notwithstanding these points I cannot see the Navy losing this game, and they should win fairly easily.

SATURDAY'S RUGBY

Club "A" Should Have No Difficulty In Overcoming RAF Mainland

Says "PAK LO"

Once again this afternoon the rugby games are well spaced out across the face of the Colony. For those living on the Island there are two games at Causeway Bay, the first which starts at 3.00 p.m. being between the Police and RAF Island while at 4.15 p.m. the Club "B" take on the Navy.

On the other side of the harbour the first game is at 3.30 p.m. between Garrison and 48 Brigade on the Army ground in Boundary Street, but for the next game keen supporters will have to dash to Kai Tak where at 4.15 p.m. the RAF Mainland are at home to Club "A".

Therefore on each side of the harbour there promises to be one close game, and one game in which the result should never be in doubt.

The Club "A" should have no trouble in overcoming RAF Mainland, for the latter still badly lack practice together and they have nowhere as near strong a pack as the Club side. Also the Club three's, unchanged from Wednesday, or rather from the latter half of Wednesday's game, have shown that given the ball, they can combine very effectively and attack strongly with the resultant scoring. Therefore, without hesitation I select Club "A" to win this match easily.

Exciting Tussle

The RAF Island-Police game also promises to be an exciting tussle, but while the Islanders enter the arena with their heads held high after their defeat last week of the mighty Garrison, and a mid-week defeat of Opposum by 23 points to nil, the Police after their recent mid-week defeat by the Club "A" are not so happy.

Both sides are about equally balanced forward with the Islanders possibly having a slight edge, particularly in

the loose. The Almon's three line has without doubt proved its ability while the Police backs have still to settle down, and begin passing properly, and I fully expect the Almon to pull themselves up the Tournament Table by another 2 points.

The Garrison versus 48 Brigade game promises to be about the most scintillating of the lot. Garrison are now back at full strength with Busby at full back and Gerrard taking his place in the centre beside Goulds. This gives the Garrison a much stronger and more dangerous three line, and with their strong pack they should win today.

The Brigade have made no changes in their side from that which did so well against Navy last Saturday but, Garrison are a different proposition from last week's Navy side, and though Garrison may be forced to share the ball, they should get a sufficiency of it to give their three every chance to break through, and this should be the deciding factor. The Garrison therefore is my selection for this game.

CLUB "A": Hogg, Gullend, Little, Myers, Clark, Taylor, Cornah, Hamilton, Hitchens, Fowler, Eames, Aldridge, Watt, Phillips, Southwick.

POLICE: Johnston, Brown, Scott, Marsh, McNeven, Stevin, Blach, Sheller, Purves, Walsh, Forsythe, Miller, Walker, Barkin, Bryn.

NAVY: Freeman, Evans, Watson, Allred, Moore, Andlaw, Corner, Frey, Jacobs, Allen, Guy, Gooding, Revell, Corcoran, Morrison.

RAF MAINLAND: Drackenbury, Pickrell, Wilcox, Dicombe, Wilkes, Ham, Martin, Watkinson, Mattacott, Potter, Gascoigne, Emerson, Johnson, Hope, Lane, Hayes.

CLUB "B": A. N. Other, Cooke, Brown, Dawson, Inglis, O'Reilly, Steward, Howe, Shaffer, Whiteley, Ross, Carpenter, Penman, Wright.

CLUB "C": Kirkwood, MacCallum, Pahn, Sims, Lal, Stone, Tzocock, Moore, Klyver, Summers, Berger, Swindley, D. Miller, New, Gaul.

GARRISON: Busby, Sharp, Goulds, Gerrard, Hayward, Davies, Rowe, Arthur, Shaddock, Cross, Childs, Linn, Green, Lowe, Johnson.

BRIGADE: Leppard, Brown, Haddock, Smith, Carrington, Jones, Andrews, Morrison, Southgate, Linn, Muniz, Mander, Hill, Weston, Norman.

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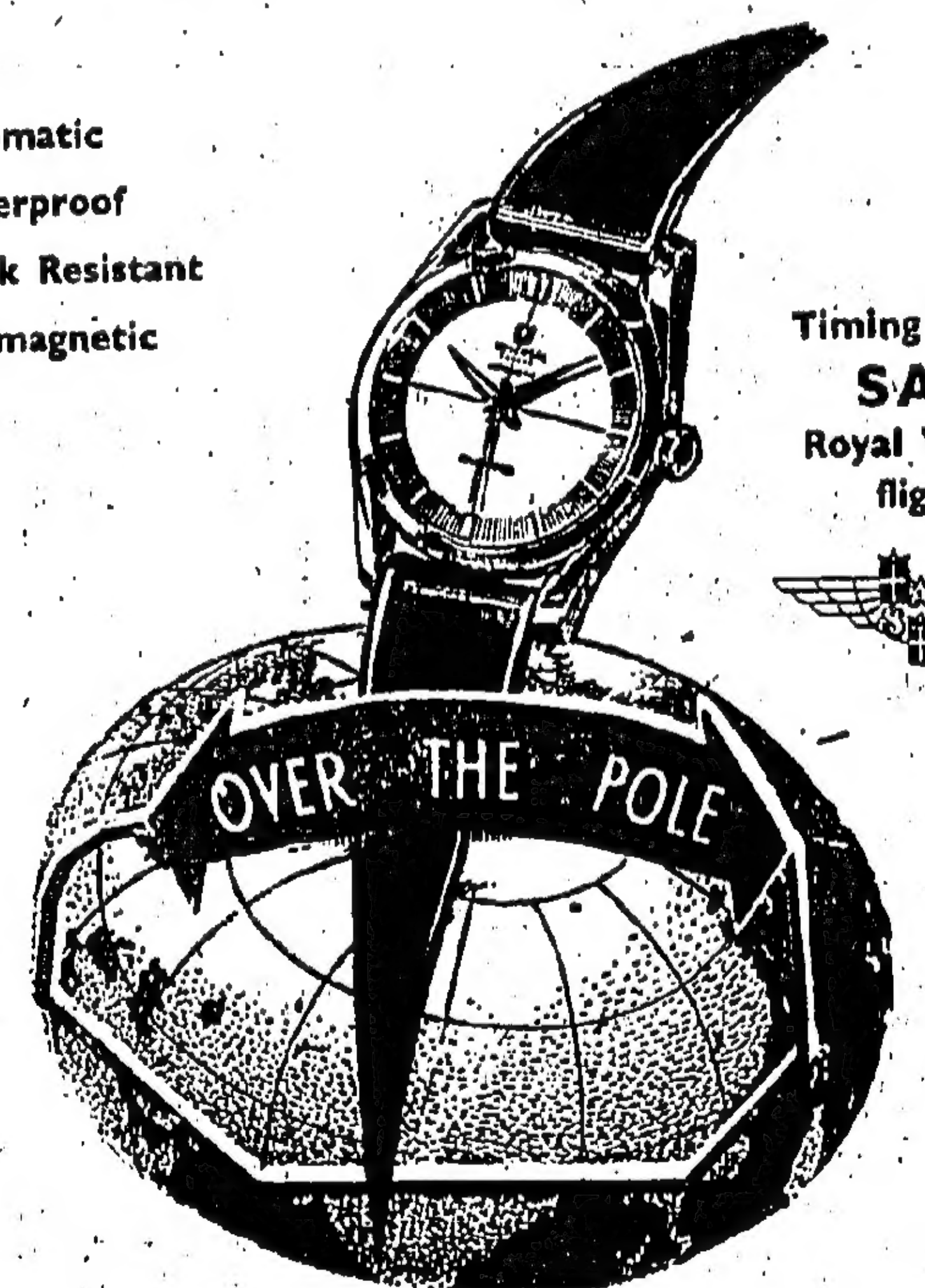
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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

OH, IT'S YOU TWO — COME IN!

FOURS LATER WELL, WE MUSTN'T STAY ANY LONGER

THANK YOU FOR COMING YOU'VE CHEERED GEORGE UP ENORMOUSLY

MADE HIM APPRECIATE SPENDING AN EVENING ON OUR OWN

NO NEW COAT AND THAT'S FINAL!

YOU'RE MEAN TO ME!

I WOULDN'T SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN — NOT EVER

IF YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO BE MY HUSBAND!

RADO SWISS MADE

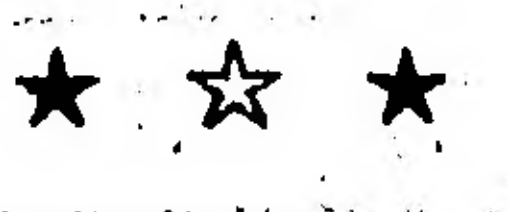
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I always bake a better cake

says Mr. Therm



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



HE ALWAYS WAITED TO BE COAXED

RONALD was a boy who liked nothing better than to be coaxed. He had to be persuaded to take part in any undertaking launched by his young chums. They would have to urge him, sometimes for hours, before he would consent to join them in a game, a hike or other activity.

It tickled his vanity to think that his young friends would go so far as to talk him into joining them.

Never was he known to participate in anything at the first invitation. Instead, he hung back and argued loud and long before allowing himself to be persuaded in favour of doing a thing. It was fun to be begged, he thought.

But Ronald isn't that way any more.

The other boys cooked up a cure. They invited him once and if he said "no," as was always the case, they merely walked off without doing any urging.

This new strategy amazed Ronald and he didn't like it. But still he refused to back down.

The other boys finally wearied of his chronic refusal and left him strictly alone. Whenever they planned something, Ronald was left out.

So he was forced to become a "lone eagle," being by himself much of the time. It was no fun to be out of things all the time. He did a great deal of thinking about the matter and at last came to a decision.

He resolved to be more friendly and to be enthusiastic when there was an opportunity to join in his pals' fun. He saw himself as others saw him, and

realised that if the shoe were on the other foot, he wouldn't keep urging any boy to take part in an activity.

Ronald is well-liked now, and often plans hikes, bicycle trips, games and tennis matches. He insinuates them.

Instead of waiting to be coaxed and urged, he enters into the spirit of a game with zest and interest. He is finding life much more pleasant and interesting than it used to be.

—By Henry H. Graham

WHY LEAVES FALL IN AUTUMN

WHY are the autumn leaves falling? This question puzzles many people when the cool breezes help the fluttering leaves as they fall on green grass, ploughed fields, or wandering streams.

By autumn the beautiful coloured leaves of many shapes, sizes and textures have finished their year's work.

One mature maple tree has been estimated to so turn its leaves that they are exposed to the sun on nearly a half acre of leaf surface.

These leaves have been a starch factory assimilating the starch and changing it to digestible sugar for the tree to use. The leaves digest food during both daylight and dark. As autumn draws nearer, a cork—or cambium—layer grows between the leaf stem and the branch onto which it was fastened. As this layer becomes

more perfectly formed, the leaves are more and more likely to fall. Finally on a windy day a tree may lose or seem to lose almost all of its leaves. And it does not endanger the tree.

We like to see the beautifully coloured leaves hang on and on, for the roadside scenery is gorgeous.

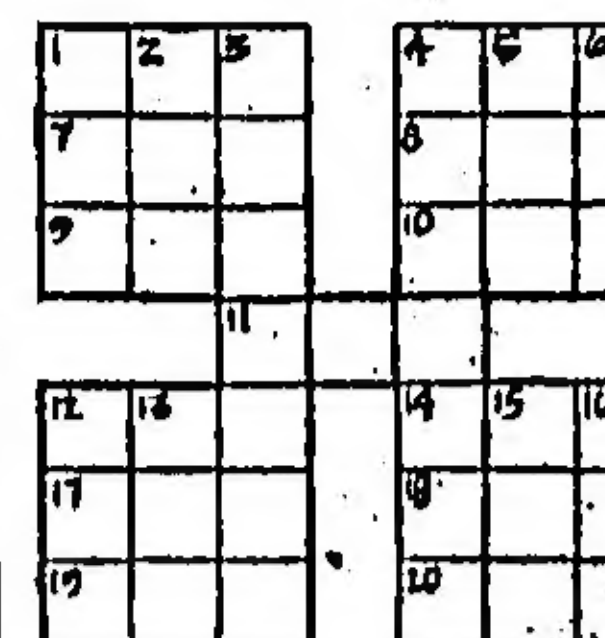
However, when this season is past, if you find an occasional oak leaf hanging tightly but blowing about, you know its cambium layer was imperfectly formed.

There will be winter roasts where piles of leaves have been raked and burned. Boys and girls will build leaf houses. Hikers and hunters will be busy enjoying the scenery.

If you live where there are coniferous (cone-bearing) trees, remember that they too shed their leaves or needles. But with them it is a slow, year-round process.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

RIVER CROSSWORD



DIAMOND

Ireland's SHANNON river provides a centre for Puzzle Pete's word diamond. The second word is "a definite article"; third "drops of eye fluid"; fourth "sea eagles"; and sixth "a distress signal." Finish the diamond from these clues:

SHANNON
N
O
N

ACROSS

- 1 Polish river
- 2 Scottish river
- 3 Consumed
- 4 Exist
- 5 Recent (comb. form)
- 6 River in Texas
- 7 Unit of reluctance
- 8 Tatter
- 9 Girl's name
- 10 Baba and the 40 thieves
- 11 Insect egg
- 12 Green vegetable
- 13 Obtain

DOWN

- 1 Prohibit
- 2 Sinochinese Indian
- 3 The Chathachoochee is a river
- 4 Australian river
- 5 Mineral rock
- 6 Boys' nickname
- 7 Knock
- 8 Malt drink
- 9 Expire
- 10 Lawyer (ab.)

Let's explore rivers:

MIRROR WORK

If you have trouble with these four rivers, The Puzzleman suggests you read them backwards:

YADDAWARRI
ENNORAG
OCCIRO
IZEMAZ

(Solutions on Page 20)

VOWELLESS SENTENCE

The Puzzleman left the vowels out of his sentence about a river. Can you match wits with him? The N is the world's longest river.

RIVER REBUS

The Puzzleman has hidden four rivers in his rebus. Your job is to use the words and pictures to fullest advantage to find them:



HOW TO MAKE A HYDRO-JET

1. PUNCH A SMALL HOLE NEAR RIM OF BOTTOM OF A SMALL CAN WITH A SCREW OR SNAP-ON CAP.

GIVE NAIL A SHARP BLOW WITH HAMMER.

2. PUT TAPE OVER HOLE AND FILL CAN ABOUT HALF FULL OF WATER.

3. FASTEN CAN TO SMALL BOARD WITH RUBBER BANDS.

4. PUT A FEW DROPS OF VINEGAR IN THE CAN.

5. PULL TAPE FROM HOLE AND HOLD YOUR FINGER OVER HOLE.

DROP A BICARBONATE OF SODA TABLET IN CAN. SCREW TOP ON.

PUT BOAT IN THE TUB AND WATCH HER ROAR.

SWISH

SWISH

SOMETHING TO TRY

Cultivate Those Egg Shells

IF you have a friend who is ill and must stay in bed, try cheering him up with an egg-shell farm. You'll have fun preparing this little gift. And watching the farm grow from day to day will help pass the time for any sick-bed person.

Start by collecting six egg-shell halves. Smooth the edges off as carefully and evenly as you can.

Then colour the outside with Easter-egg dye, if you can find some at this time of the year. Or you can use food-colouring pellets.

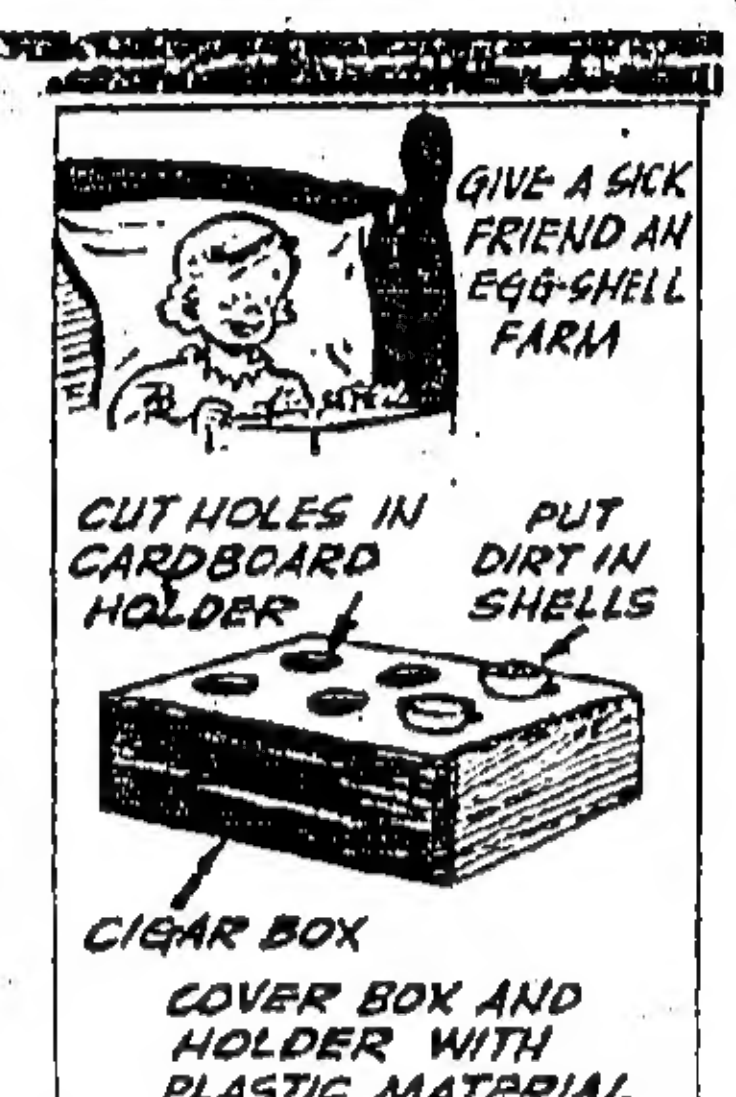
Now, while the shells dry, prepare the container for the farm. This is done by removing the cover carefully from an ordinary cigar box. Wash away the paper and recover the surface with a piece of heavy cardboard to fit over the box. Mark off six circles on it with a compass. These should be just a little smaller than the egg-shells so that the shells can be set up here in pairs, in two rows.

With this and finish with a thin coat of transparent varnish. A holder for the eggs is made by cutting a piece of heavy cardboard to fit over the box. Mark off six circles on it with a compass. These should be just a little smaller than the egg-shells so that the shells can be set up here in pairs, in two rows.

Now, while the shells dry, prepare the container for the farm. This is done by removing the cover carefully from an ordinary cigar box. Wash away the paper and recover the surface with a piece of heavy cardboard to fit over the box. Mark off six circles on it with a compass. These should be just a little smaller than the egg-shells so that the shells can be set up here in pairs, in two rows.

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Cut out the holes. At the cover in place, then cover this, in turn, with plastic fabric to match the container and to make the surface waterproof. Fill the shells with fine, rich earth and set them in the holder.

Now decide what type of seed should be planted in each one. Grass, for example, will make a very pretty show of green. The little caps of beans will look quaint when they begin to push through the soil. The first little leaves of the tomato, when they're all folded up in the seed, are bound to intrigue your invalid friend. The long shoot of the corn will add a touch of its own.

You'll want to try some clover seeds as well because little leaves are so attractive. It's extra deep, a crocus bulb might grow here and bloom in it.

There is no reason why the egg-shell plants can't be transplanted later to a large flower-box or an out-of-doors garden.

—By Bess Ritter

SHORT STORY

No Picnic For Sally On Saturday

SALLY jumped out of bed happily. Then she stood still. Something was wrong.

She pushed the straight brown hair out of her eyes. The room was awfully dark for eight o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "It's raining. It just can't rain today!"

Mrs Crane stood in the doorway. "It is a shame," she agreed. "I hoped you would have a nice day for your autumn picnic."

Sally began to cry. She didn't want to, but she just couldn't help it. Her mother sat beside her on the bed and stroked her hair.

"Don't cry, Honey. You and Mary and Peter can have your picnic next Saturday."

"But it's a whole week away," wailed Sally. "Who wants to wait a whole week? I hate rain!" She shook her fist at the window.

"There'd be no flowers, no food, no life without rain," said her mother.

"I know," said Sally. "We need rain, but it could come another day—not today, when we planned this all week long."

"You're like a storm cloud yourself this morning, Sally. But now that you've cried some of those clouds of yours away, how about thinking what we could do to make the day brighter?"

"Like what?" asked Sally. "Would you like to have Peter and Mary over for lunch? You could have a picnic lunch at home."

Tears started again. "That's no fun. That's not a real picnic. I want a real picnic—outdoors, in the woods."

The door-bell rang. "That must be Peter and Mary now," said Mrs Crane. "Shall I ask them to stay for lunch?"

Sally shook her head. "No! It's not the same. Mrs Crane sighed and went to the door. Peter and Mary both complained about the weather.

"Oh, well," said Mary. "If we can't go on a picnic, we can play in my cellar."

Sally heard and called from the bedroom. "I don't want to. That's not nearly so much fun. The boys were sleek after they put Sally played with her dolls for a little while, but she soon tired of that.



The morning dragged on, and at lunch time she and her mother ate some of the picnic sandwiches. Sally just nibbled on hers. She dried dishes for her mother, then went back to her lonely room.

"Sally!" called her mother. "Will you please take this jar of cheese to Mary's mother?" She put on her raincoat and boots and ran across the yard to Mary's house. Mrs Oakley opened the door, and she heard Mary and Peter laughing in the cellar. Mrs Oakley invited her in, but she said, "No, thank you," and ran home.

"How could they be having so much fun?" she asked her mother. "Aren't they sad about the picnic?"

"They were terribly unhappy this morning," said Mrs Crane, "but they tried to have fun doing something else, and I guess they found fun."

"I wonder what they're doing?" mused Sally. "Probably just being together is fun," said her mother.

"I should have invited them to lunch," said Sally unhappily. "I was so angry, I didn't think how nice it would be to have them. Now, it's too late to have a picnic lunch."

Her mother agreed. "I could ask them to come over and play for the rest of the afternoon. That would be the next best, wouldn't it?"

Her mother smiled. "Yes, it would. And perhaps you could find something in the refrigerator for an afternoon snack."

"Oh, may I?" cried Sally. As she dug out the peanut butter and strawberry jam, she noticed that though it still rained hard, the day seemed very much brighter.

—By Fern Simms

FERRY CONNECTS TWO CONTINENTS

DID you ever hear of a ferry that connects one continent with another—Europe with Asia?

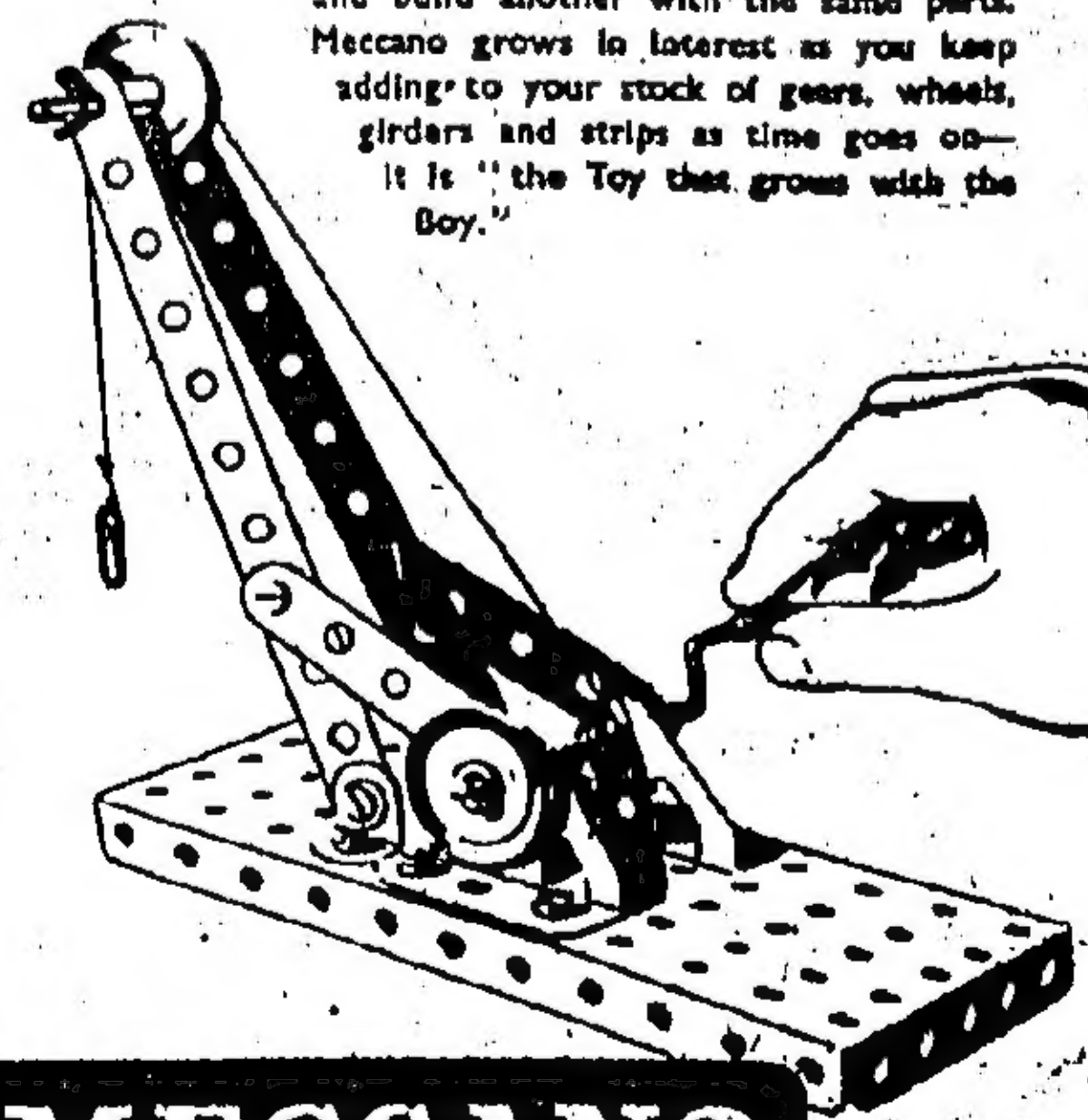
At Istanbul, Turkey, you can take a ferry from Europe to Asia and reach your destination in about twenty minutes. This intercontinental ferry trip costs only thirty cents.

The distance is only about two miles, and hills on both shores protect the passengers from strong winds.

Comfortable, modern ferries make the trip a pleasant one and you cross from one great continent to another without any gentleness whatever. Quite a trip for thirty cents, isn't it?

The thrill of "Build it yourself"

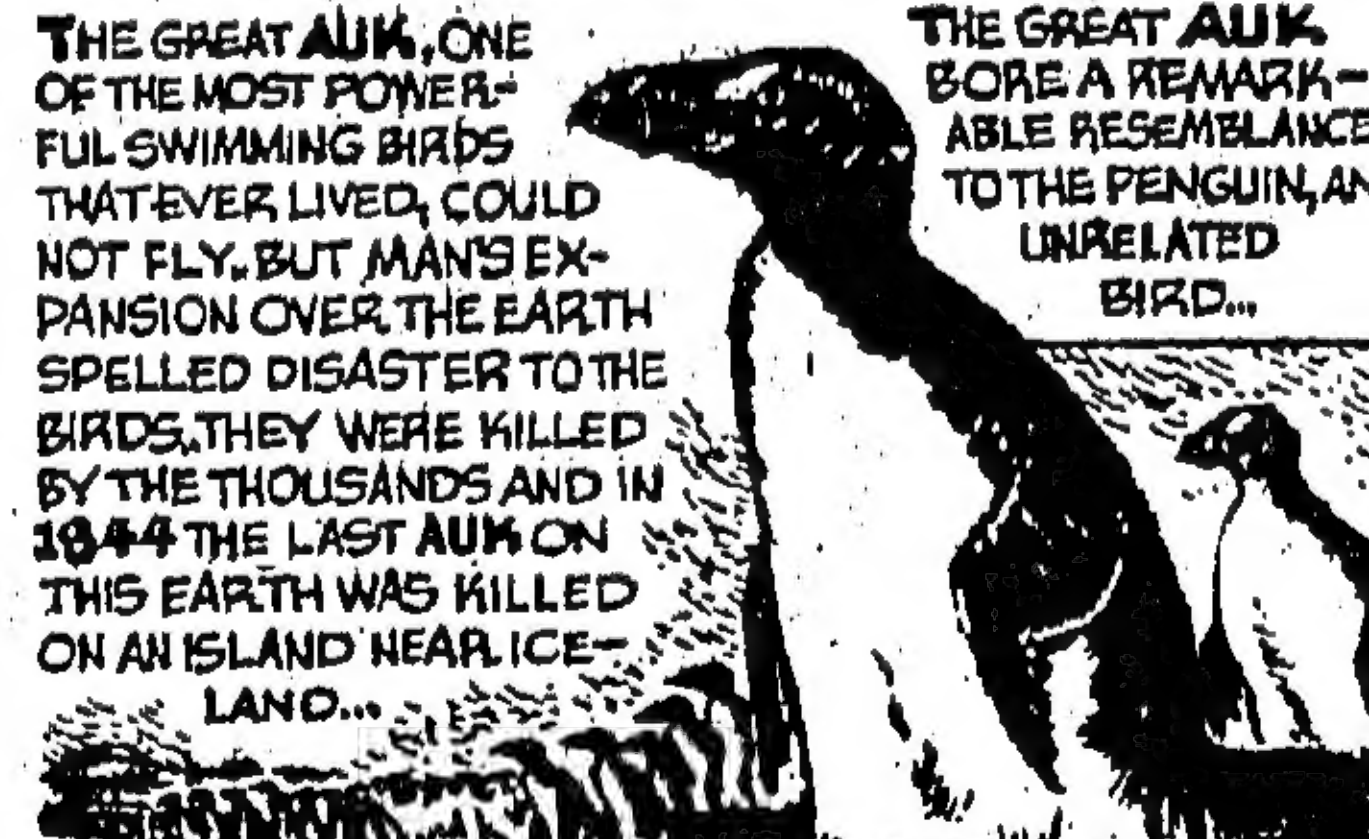
How much better it is to make your own toys! Make them as you want them, and make them work. Make them with Meccano. When you've made and played with one model, you can take it to pieces and build another with the same parts. Meccano grows in interest as you keep adding to your stock of gears, wheels, girders and strips as time goes on—it is "the Toy that grows with the Boy."



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TODAY OF ALL THE MILLIONS OF GREAT AUKS THAT ONCE ENRICHED THE BIRD LIFE OF OUR EARTH, ONLY ABOUT 80 MOUNTED SPECIMENS REMAIN IN EXISTENCE.

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Teddy On The Banister

—He Wouldn't Listen To Knart And Hiawatha—

By MAX TRELL

TEDDY, The Stuffed Bear, was standing at the top of the landing, looking down the stairs. He was at that moment that Knart, The Shadow Boy, and Hiawatha, The Wooden Indian Boy, came along.

"Hi, Teddy," said Knart. "Howdy, Teddy!" greeted Hiawatha, which is the same as hello, except that it's in Indian language.

Teddy, The Stuffed Bear, returned the greetings of his two friends.

"I was just thinking of something," he said to them.

Tried To Guess

Knart and Hiawatha tried to guess what Teddy was thinking as he stood at the top of the stairs. They finally gave up.

"I was thinking," said Teddy, "that the banisters on these stairs aren't just for holding on when you walk up or down. They're for sliding down."

"Oh no, they aren't!" said Knart.

"Not good slide down banister," said Hiawatha. "Better to slide down tree."

But Teddy insisted that sliding down the banister was sure to be lots of fun.

Bows And Arrows

Later that morning, while Knart and Hiawatha were sitting in their room making bows and arrows, they were startled by a series of thumps. They rushed out to the hall just in time to see their friend Teddy come tumbling down the stairs.

They picked him up. "You're hurt," he said. "You were sliding down that banister!" said Knart.

"Oh no, I wasn't," said Teddy. "Then how did you fall down the stairs?" asked Hiawatha. "Well," said Teddy, "I was starting to climb up to the banister when I must have fallen off."

"Better not do it again," said Knart.

He Slipped Away

They made Teddy come with them and help them make bows and arrows, but after a while he managed to slip away. He tiptoed up to the top of the stairs.



Teddy slid down so fast, he yelled out the door.

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Page 20

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1957.

NEW!
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BALLPOINT

Afro-Asian Group To Demand Debate On New Guinea

New York, Nov. 8. The powerful Afro-Asian group in the United Nations unanimously agreed today to request priority in the Political Committee next week for debate of Indonesia's claim to sovereignty over Dutch New Guinea. Members decided to ask that the question be debated immediately after completion of the item on Korea, which the committee already has agreed to take up next.

ALGERIA

They also decided to ask that the Algerian question be discussed after that of Dutch New Guinea. This would leave the Cyprus issue until last on the agenda if the committee agrees to the proposals. Dr. Abu Hanifah of Indonesia was understood to have suggested priority on the Dutch New Guinea question.—Reuter.

Dustmen On Strike

Paris, Nov. 8. Paris dustmen are striking a week of "staggered" strikes to press for a pay rise of 5,000 francs a month. The six depots in Paris are taking it in turn to strike for a day. In some parts of the city dustbins have not been emptied for 48 hours. Many dustmen are also staging one-hour stoppages. Members of the Communist-led Unity Workers' Union in Paris and the surrounding area are on a 48-hour strike for more pay and overtime work on Sundays.—China Mail Special.

Sputniks On Display

London, Nov. 8. A special exhibition devoted to artificial earth satellites opened today in the Polytechnical Museum in Moscow, Moscow Radio reported. A section of the show is devoted to the world's first two baby moons.—China Mail Special.

Youths Plan Countrywide Strike, But...

MALAYA WARNS STUDENTS

Chinese Mission In Britain Continue Tours

London, Nov. 8. Members of the 20-man Chinese technical and scientific mission to Britain today continued their tour of steel-making and tin production in South Wales.

Parties from the mission today continued visits to the Steel Company of Wales and also took in Richard Thomas and Baldwins Limited, another major British steelmaking concern.

Separate parties have also been engaged on visits to ship-building research organisations and to smaller private firms.

A spokesman of the Federation of British Industries said today that the Chinese technicians had said they were appreciative of the special efforts that were being made to show them as many aspects as possible of British industry.

Visits to British steelmaking plants will continue tomorrow.—Reuter.

ARGENTINA FREES TWO GENERALS

Buenos Aires, Nov. 8. Two Argentine generals, Justo Leon Bengon and Juan Jose Uranga, were released today after being under arrest for 12 months while military justices investigated conspiracy charges against them.

They had been respectively Ministers of the Army and the Army Transport in the short-lived Government of Eduardo Lonardi, who was deposed and succeeded by General Pedro Aramburu in November, 1955—two months after the coup against President Juan Peron. Since then they have been arrested several times—the last in November, 1956—on charges which included "conspiracy for a rebellion" and "repeated indiscipline."—Reuter.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

FLEET Foot Mouth Horse Laugh Lough Rough Passage Message Message Communication Cord Card Sharper Sharpen What White Particle Article Delinits Exact Demand Dinned Cursed Purred Purred Spread Feast Last Last Last Paradise Regained Rejoiced Rejoiced Sold Sold Water Sled Sled Shoe String String Rife Bang Bag Bone Dry Dry DRY.

Russian Sets Record In Weight Lifting

Telerny, Nov. 8. Vladimir Stogov, of the Soviet Union, set a world record total of 346 kilograms (762½ lb.) in winning the Bantamweight title in the world weightlifting championships here today.

The previous world record for a total lift by a Bantamweight was 342½ kilograms (755½ lb.), by Charles "Chuck" Vine, of the United States, when he won the Olympic championship in Melbourne a year ago.

Stogov finished second to Vine in the Olympic contest. Stogov's performance for press, snatch and jerk today were 107½ kilograms, 105 kilograms and 132½ kilograms.—Reuter.

Texas Storms Kill Eight

Orange (Texas), Nov. 8. Eight persons were killed and more than 200 injured in storms which swept through Texas last night and this morning. Most of the victims were killed in their own homes. The storms wrecked havoc in several cities in the southern United States.—France-Press.

INSIDE JOB!

Mount Vernon, New York, Nov. 8. It apparently got too much for an employee of retired South Carolina Sheriff J. E. Slavin's crime-doesn't-pay exhibit. The employee disappeared, along with US\$300 from the exhibit's cashbox.—United Press.

WANTED—FEWER FAT HEADS AND MORE 'EGGHEADS'

Thief River Falls, Minnesota, Nov. 8. Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, said today: "What we need in Washington are more eggheads, and fewer fat heads."

"It was Soviet eggheads who got the Sputniks off the ground and it will be American eggheads who get out of the ground—if we give them the support they need," he said in a speech to Minnesota High School leaders. Sen. Humphrey, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said "Anti-Intellectualism is a disease we simply must stamp out, just as we've stamped out smallpox and typhoid and polio."

"We cannot afford any longer the luxury of laughing at eggheads, as too often some have done, or of suggesting there is something unreasonable about being an intellectual."—United Press.

WET DIAPERS?

Kassel, Germany, Nov. 8. Science has crept into the nursery, at least when it comes time for a diaper change at the children's hospital being built here.

Special hygrometers built into the baby's crib will sound an alarm and flash a red light in the nurse's room if too much humidity is registered.—United Press.

POPULAR VOTE

Pine Lake, Georgia, Nov. 8. The fortunes of politics were brought home forcibly to A. P. Hornbuckle, who was unopposed on the ballot in the City Council.

He got 32 votes, but 64 voters wrote in the name of S. M. Burt, who won.—United Press.

NO ALIEN DOGS.

Paris, Nov. 8. Laika, the dog in Sputnik II, had better stay up there if she plans to land in France. A new anti-rabies decree bars foreign dogs from entering the country.—United Press.

Cricket

AUSTRALIAN TOURERS OPEN S. AFRICA TOUR

Johannesburg, Nov. 8. The Australian cricketers opened their tour proper of South Africa today with the start of a four-day match against the strongest provincial team—Transvaal.

On a fairly easy-paced wicket, the Australian bowlers did well to put out Transvaal for 241 runs.

Endean, who scored 60, was the only one of the three international batsmen to show anything of good form for Transvaal.

The Australian achievement was mainly due to tight bowling and some excellent fielding. Kilns, three for 43, and Benaud three for 67 were the most successful bowlers.

After the Transvaal team were all out, the Australians went in at the end of the day.

Adcock got some lift out of the wicket, which no Australian bowler had been able to do, but the score at the close of play was Australia nine runs for no wicket.—France-Press.

We'll Wipe Out Any Trouble, Says Minister

Kuala Lumpur, Nov. 8. Education Minister of the newly independent Federation of Malaya, warned Chinese students in the country that his Government would not tolerate any trouble-makers, and would not hesitate to take "appropriate action" to wipe them out.

Inche Mohamad Khir bin Johari said it had come to his knowledge that certain groups of students were planning a strike on a country-wide scale intended as a protest against the Government's plan to enforce age limits in schools.

"I should like to warn such students," declared Inche Johari, "that the Government has no time or place in Malayan schools for trouble-makers or for people engaged in un-Malayan activities."

Answering a charge by students that the Government's move was a trap to Chinese education and culture, the Education Minister said "I must say here and now that the type of education that we are giving or intend to give to our children is not for China, England, or India. It is for Malaya."

Inche Johari said the Government would always "be on the alert and would not hesitate to take appropriate action to put an end to trouble-makers."—United Press.

SINO-SWEDISH TRADE PACT

Stockholm, Nov. 8. A trade agreement between Sweden and China was signed here today by the Swedish Foreign Minister, Oesterlund, and the Chinese Ambassador, Han Nien Lung.

The agreement, which had been initiated in Peking last September 30, goes immediately into effect. However, it will have only a provisional character until it is ratified by Parliament.—France-Press.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley: 11.30. "The Cruel Sea" Episode 9: 12 Noon. Time Tunnel: 12.30 p.m. Three Men On A Horse—Ronnie Hill, Johnny Duncan and Nick Grecco: 1.15. Walker: 1.30. The Keyboards: 1.15. Weather Report, News and Special Announcements: 1.30. George Melachrino and his Orchestra: 2. Saturday Requests—Presented by Betty: 3. Year by Year—Featuring the Song Hits of 1957: 3.30. In His Steps—Episode 21: 4. Songs of the Prairie: 4.30. Rayburn Weir: 5. Melody Magic: 5.30. Meet The Stars—The songs of George Shaw, Keely Smith, Louis Prima, and Kitty Kallen: 6. Birthday Mailbag: 6.30. Allen Rea Orchestra, singing and dancing, with Guest Stars Mandy Carson, Guy Mitchell and the Jumpin' Jacks: 7. Time Signal and News: 7.00. Weather Report, Announcements and Interlude: 7.15. Songs of Danny Kaye: 7.30. Rediffusion Jazz Club—Presented by Philip Dickens: 8. Tree Arms—Songs which echo the historical past of Malaya—sung by the Tree Arms: 8.15. Strange Tale of Easternman—Episode 34: 8.30. Voice of Sport: 9. Shiro Hii Faraday: 9.30. Music From Maxim: 10. Hollywood Open House: 10.30. Harlem Nocturne: 11. Dance Party: 12 Midnight. God Save The Queen: Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. Guy Lombardo and His Orchestra: 2.30. Special Sports Feature: 3.00. Belgian Grand Prix 1957: 3.30. Special Sports Feature No. 3—"Three Pointed Star": 3.30. Cantonese Feature Film—"Revival": 4. Children's Hour—Cartoons: 4.15. Children's Songs—Presented by Robin Williams: 4.30. Children's Film: 5. Close Down: 5.30. Gian Carlo and His Band: 5.45. Newswatch: 6. Cantonese Film—"Moi A Village Girl" (Part 2): 6.30. Alfred Hitchcock Presents A Bullet For Baldwin: 7. Rosemary Clooney Show: 8.30. Broderick Crawford in "Highway Patrol": 9. Evening Feature Film—"Second Chorus" co-starring Fred Astaire and Paulette Goddard: 11.30. Late Night Final—News Headlines, Weather Report and Announcements: Close Down.

NAMESAKES

Answers—1. Programme, 2. Television, 3. Microphone, 4. Show, 5. Stage, 6. Patter, 7. Binding, 8. Marsh, 9. Luigini, 10. Radio, 11. Broadcase, 12. Soup, 13. Comedy, 14. Sketch. Richard Murdoch.



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